Clinton's Mideast Mischief MARTIN PERETZ, THE EDITORS

Bush's Stealth Liberal
JONATHAN COHN

Giuliani's Ugly Triumph
MICHAEL GRUNWALD

THE NEW REPUBLIC

NUARY 15, 2001

AGAINST BIPARTISANSHIP

WHY THE PARTIES DON'T NEED TO GET ALONG

By JONATHAN CHAIT

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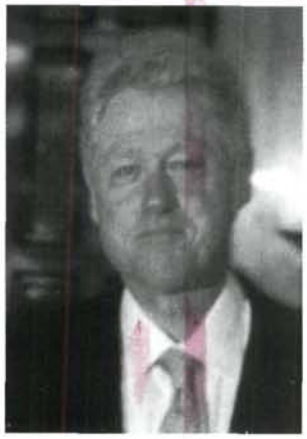
Thank you President Clinton for finally speaking out for drug policy reform!



In an interview published on December 25, 2000[1] President Clinton expressed the need for dramatic reform in drug policy.

Here are President Clinton's views:

"We really need a re-examination of our entire policy on imprisonment."

" . . . small amounts of marijuana have been decriminalized in some places, and should be."

"...a lot of people are in prison today because they have drug problems or alcohol problems. And too many of them are getting out-particularly out of state systems-without treatment, without education, without skill, without serious efforts at job placement.

"I think the sentences in many cases are too long for nonviolent offenders, and the facilities are not structured to maximize success when people get out ... I think this whole thing needs to be re-examined."

"I certainly think [mandatory sentences] need to be re-examined. And the disparities are unconscionable between crack and powdered cocaine. I tried to change that. The Republican Congress was willing to narrow but not eliminate them, the theory being that people who use crack were more violent that people who used cocaine. What they really meant was: People who used crack were more likely to be poor-and, coincidentally black or brown. And therefore not have money. Those people that used cocaine were more likely to be rich, pay for it and therefore be peaceful."

"I don't believe, by and large, in permanent lifetime penalties. There is a bill in Congress today that has bipartisan support-that would restore voting rights to former prisoners after their full sentences have been discharged."

Let's pray George W. Bush will face up to this important issue at the beginning of his term in office, not the end.

For information contact **Common Sense for Drug Policy,**
Kevin B. Zeese, President, 3220 "N" Street NW, #141, Washington, DC 20007
at info@csdp.org and 703-354-9050

[1] *Interview of President Clinton by Jan Wenner, Rolling Stone, December 28, 2000. http://www.rollingstone.com*

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CORRESPONDENCE

Intents and purposes

TO THE EDITORS:
Andrew Sullivan's argument in "Bad Intent" (December 4) hinges on purported voting instructions issued in Palm Beach County. Sullivan claims that voters were exhorted in capital letters to "check [their] ballot card" to ensure that holes were punched cleanly, with no hanging chads. These exhortations, he says, were "clearly posted" in all polling stations and appeared on "leaflets mailed to many voters in Palm Beach."

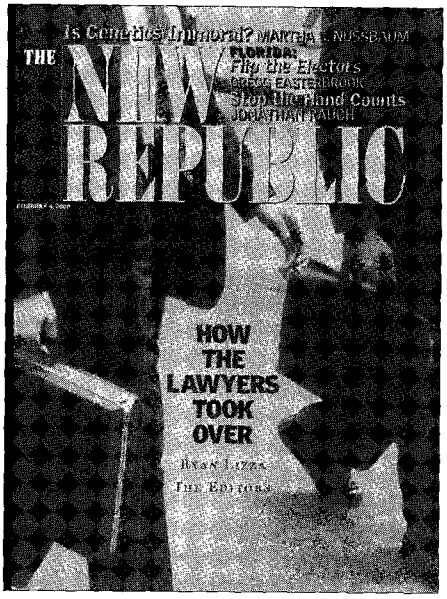
My husband and I voted in Palm Beach County. Neither of us saw any such posting at our precinct. If such advice was posted there, it was inconspicuous. We did receive a county voting guide in the mail, but it contained no such information about checking ballots for hanging chads.

Since all were fairly warned, according to Sullivan, only clear mechanical failure should be allowed to trigger a recount. But all weren't warned. The problems were caused not by voters who were negligent or had vague intentions but by a system, mechanical and otherwise, that produced vague results. At issue isn't the intelligence or ability of Palm Beach County voters but the requirement to count every vote produced during this error-ridden balloting process—a requirement that the courts should have ensured was met.

ANN BURRUSS
Lake Worth, Florida

TO THE EDITORS:
In Florida, those who failed to follow instructions included not only voters but also poll workers. As one of the volunteer attorneys who flocked to the state in the days after the election, I heard stories from voters who realized at the polls that they had made an error and, in accordance with the "clear and accurate instructions" of which Andrew Sullivan is so enamored, asked for a new ballot—and were refused. Those voters faced the Hobson's choice of casting a vote for a candidate whom they did not favor or casting no vote at all. Some 19,000 votes were thrown out in Palm Beach County alone for double-punching. There is no telling how many of these ballots were submitted after a request for a new ballot was made and refused. Thus, even if the manual recounts had not been undertaken, Florida's electoral outcome would not have been the result of applying "a strict, clear, technical standard for a vote," due to the misfeasance of some Florida poll workers.

The only remedy for the indeterminate



number of people who were refused new ballots after making an error would have been to hold a revote. That is a remedy without precedent in a presidential election and arguably one for which there is no authority under Florida electoral law. Al Gore thus pursued the only remedy available: manual recounts, which are authorized by Florida's statutes as construed by that state's highest court. If those recounts injected an element of subjectivity into the count, they could hardly have rendered it less accurate.

JEFFREY S. SILVER
Chicago, Illinois

ANDREW SULLIVAN REPLIES:
The voting instructions can be found easily on Palm Beach County's website, and there have been no reliable reports that such instructions were not posted next to every machine in Votomatic precincts. "Inconspicuous," if true, is not the same as nonexistent. And it remains the voter's responsibility—and no one else's—to make sure his or her vote is cast correctly. A statewide hand recount with equal standards, which Al Gore did not ask for within the legal time limit, would indeed have been preferable to no hand recount at all. Once that couldn't happen within a reasonable length of time, no recount according to varying standards at breakneck speed with no time for legal challenge could have been fairer than the second machine recount.

Blind date

TO THE EDITORS:
In his article on the Florida litigation, Gregg Easterbrook writes that holding a revote in Palm Beach County would have been "blatantly unconstitutional," according to Article 2, Section 1. Easterbrook is blatantly wrong. That provision governs only the day on which the electoral college *meets; it says nothing* about requiring a uniform day for voters to go to the polls. Until the 1840s, states held presidential contests on different days; it wasn't until the 1870s that Congress prescribed a uniform date for the regular election, which says nothing about the undisputed powers of courts, made clear by numerous cases, to order special elections to remedy voting rights violations.

The commentariat generally joins Easterbrook in dismissing the idea of a revote as clearly illegal, when the facts and law say otherwise. Pundits are entitled to their political opinions, but THE NEW REPUBLIC should clear up the legal misconceptions.

STEVEN MULROY
Assistant Professor of Law
University of Memphis School of Law
Memphis, Tennessee

GREGG EASTERBROOK REPLIES:
There is a substantial body of settled law against the point Steven Mulroy asserts. Regarding the relevant phrase of Article 2—"The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the United States"—courts have repeatedly held that the "day" in the second clause is Election Day. The nineteenth-century practice of states' holding presidential elections on different days has been banished by such rulings and by federal law; the Supreme Court has held as recently as a unanimous 1997 ruling, in *Foster* v. *Love*, that the Constitution "mandates holding all elections for Congress and the presidency on a single day throughout the Union." When courts have ordered special elections as voting rights remedies, these have been in state and local races, not in presidential contests, which are singled out for special rule-making under the Constitution. Conceivably Congress might order the entire country to revote a presidential election, if on the same day. But judges cannot,

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as recognized by the Florida courts that tossed out the Palm Beach County revote lawsuits.

True motivations

TO THE EDITORS:

THE NEW REPUBLIC has grossly misinterpreted the role of student involvement in reforming Columbia University's sexual misconduct policy ("Columbia Blues," by Lawrence F. Kaplan, December 4). Underlying the critique are two false assumptions: first, that the new sexual misconduct policy initiates a disciplinary procedure model new to Columbia or, for that matter, to universities in general; second, that this so-called change was made at the behest of witch-hunting students seeking to limit free expression and the rights of those against whom complaints are made.

The disciplinary model established by the new policy has been used at Columbia for more than 40 years in the form of the general university procedure for adjudicating infractions, known as Dean's Discipline. This basic model is used by universities throughout the country and was not up for debate when changes to the sexual misconduct policy were being discussed last year. However, students lobbied for numerous components to overcome the closed-door, largely unmonitored nature of the Dean's Discipline model; as a result, the disciplinary procedure under the new sexual misconduct policy in fact offers concrete gains in the protection of students' rights at Columbia.

Second, critics of the sexual misconduct policy fail to note that the disciplinary procedure is only a small fraction of the policy, which comprises a comprehensive set of provisions calling for a proactive university response to sexual assault in the form of education, prevention, and statistics collection. It is for these advances, not for limiting the rights of the accused, that students actively lobbied last year.

In addition, Kaplan repeats the false claim that the red tape hundreds of students wore in support of reforming the old policy stood for doing away with elements of fairness in the disciplinary procedure. The red tape represented the bureaucratic nature of the old policy, evidenced by flawed statistics-collecting mechanisms, the lack of training for hearing panelists, and the lack of campus education on these issues, among other deficiencies.

The real question is why the focus of attacks remains selectively on Columbia's sexual misconduct policy, one that offers significant advances in oversight, education, and prevention as well as in ensuring fairness relative to other school disciplinary procedures. Paving the way for increased recognition of campus sexual assault is indeed a political threat to some. The true motivations behind these selective and misleading attacks should not go unquestioned.

SARAH RICHARDSON
President
Students Active For Ending Rape (SAFER)
Columbia University
New York, New York

Capital controls

TO THE EDITORS:

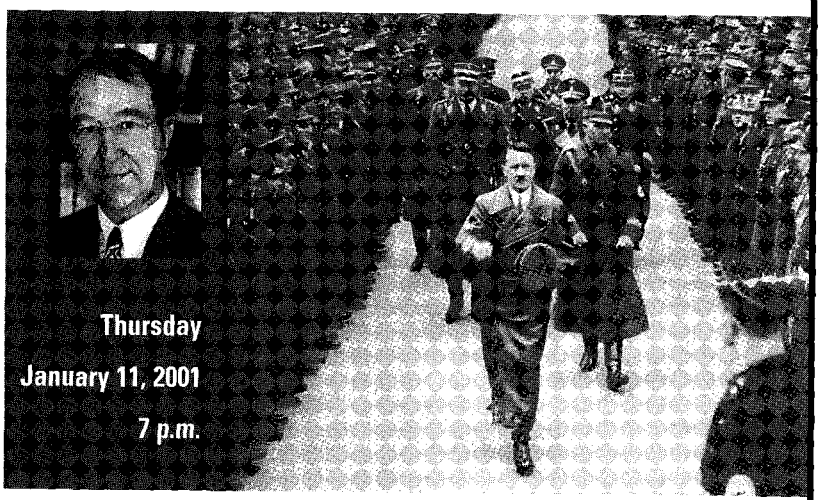
In "Uncivil Affair" (December 4), Eli Kintisch refers to Associates First Capital Corporation as a bank. It is actually a consumer finance company. Banks are depositary institutions, whereas Associates is merely a lender. A bank would probably not be permitted to engage in high-risk lending to the extent that Associates does.

DAVID SCHAUM
Deutsche Bank
New York, New York

AN EVENING WITH...

Ian Kershaw

in conversation with Joan Ringelheim



Recognized as one of the world's leading authorities on Adolf Hitler and the Nazi dictatorship, Ian Kershaw is the author of the newly published ***Hitler 1936–1945: Nemesis,*** the second book of his two-volume biography of Hitler. This exceptional work draws from a vast wealth of sources, including the recently discovered diaries of Hitler's confidant, Josef Goebbels.

Professor Kershaw, Chair of Modern History and Head of the Department of History, University of Sheffield, England, will share insights on his work with Joan Ringelheim, the Museum's Director of Oral History.

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Sounds of Silence

LIKE A GIANT Valium descending on Dulles International Airport, the Bush transition has come to Washington. Despite a good-faith effort to get exercised over John "Bob Jones Loves Me" Ashcroft, most of us seem already sedated by the sheer grown-upness of it all. Compared with the Clintonistas, yapping into cell phones at the Dupont Circle Starbucks at all hours of the day and night, the Bushies seem preternaturally calm. Where we once had a permanent campaign, we now have intermittent naps. Where transitions once involved endless ruminations on nannies and gay soldiers, we now get to ponder the unbearable whiteness of Paul O'Neill and Dick Cheney.

It's not as if the Bushies have no style. It's just that it isn't, er, immediately visible. A city once run by twentysomethings has now been surrendered to fat, white, straight guys in their fifties. A town previously mesmerized by definitions of "sexual relations" is now pondering the resumé of Donald Rumsfeld. For Stairmasters substitute angioplasty. For Georgetown substitute McLean. For Goldman Sachs substitute Alcoa. To be sure, the Bushies don't quite generate the buzz of lower TriBeCa, but hey, we're in Washington. We don't do buzz here.

There is, of course, the small question of relief. Yes, Madame Rodham will be moving into a $2.85 million house off Embassy Row. And the sexual predations of the philanderer-in-chief are poised, after January 20, to reach truly epic proportions. Have you heard that hit song "Who Let the Dogs Out"? Well, even if you haven't, you get the idea. But, for all their self-parodic efforts to stay forever in the public eye, the era of the Clintons is mercifully drawing to a close.

The first sign is the silence. Listen: The air is no longer quite so filled with the incessant circumlocutions of the blabberer-in-chief. Whatever other qualities he has, the man can surely talk. He's often had very little to say, of course, but that has never deterred him. The sheer volume of verbiage he has expelled over eight years is enough to make John Updike look blocked. Bill Clinton was and is a compulsive logorrheic. There wasn't a problem he couldn't talk his way into and out of, while doing nothing much at all except hiring more lawyers and keeping otherwise innocent people awake at night. There was barely a word he couldn't distort, nary a phrase he couldn't render meaningless by repetition. He was the president who will be remembered as redefining "is" to evade what was.

But now we have the wonderfully inarticulate George W. Bush. As Dianne Wiest whispered to her lover in the movie *Bullets Over Broadway*, one can only enjoin, "Don't speak! Don't speak!" And this is not merely out of concern for what's left of the English language. W.'s inarticulacy is the point. After the interminable blather of Clinton, W.'s verbal void is a balm, an oasis, a spa for the spun soul. Why, there are probably even things Bush doesn't have much of an opinion about and even less of an inclination to explore! When the postelection crisis hit, he went off to his ranch, where he apparently had no cable television, and hung out with his dog. He said fewer words in five weeks than Clinton does in five minutes. After all we have endured over the past eight years, are there words to describe the rapture this relative mute evokes?

Then there's the executive style. We have gone from a Cabinet of yea-saying lawyers to a Cabinet of grown-up CEOs. Apart from you-know-what, the most embarrassing feature of the Clinton administration was its Cabinet. From the very beginning, it was staffed by nobodies. Clinton is a bright but insecure man who surrounded himself (with the exceptions of Robert Rubin and Richard Holbrooke) with appointees who weren't even close to challenging him intellectually or administratively. Exactly what Richard Riley or Donna Shalala actually did for eight years is one of the enduring mysteries of the modern world. Clinton's Cabinet, it turns out, was the longest-serving in recent history—not because it was unusually skilled (it wasn't) but because many of its members had no record of accomplishment in the private sector and didn't know quite what else to do.

Bush has produced something completely opposite: a Cabinet of people so obviously more skilled and experienced than he is that it is pretty close to embarrassing. It either takes an extraordinarily secure man or a completely clueless one to have gathered such an assembly of superiors. My gut tells me it's the former—and that this shrewdness is far more important in politics than any sort of bookish intelligence and may lead to small increments of progress. W.'s Cabinet obviously has a mandate to act rather than to talk, which makes it the most structurally powerful Cabinet since Dwight D. Eisenhower's.

Then there is what might be delicately referred to as class. By this I don't mean that the Bushes are the social superiors of the Clintons. I merely mean that it is simply impossible to replicate the tackiness of Bill and Hillary, their hideous sexual embarrassments paraded as high principle, the moral ambience of the likes of Terry McAuliffe and Webb Hubbell, the bottomless pit of the president's self-pity and self-indulgence. After this soap opera, anything feels uplifting. I do not know the names of Bush's daughters, and I hope I never do. I do not know the intricacies of Bush's marriage, and I almost certainly never will. I am pretty sure that Bush will not stick his tongue down his wife's throat in public, or use a sibling's death in a convention speech, or boast about spending the night at David Geffen's. These are small mercies, but we have learned to be more than grateful for them.

Of course, if you believe in the permanent campaign, the conflation of culture and politics, the erosion of the boundaries between public and private, and the resort to lawyers as the first defense against failure, then you will miss the Clintons. And there will surely be plenty of reasons to be irritated by the W. culture soon enough: the sense of entitlement, the narrowness of vision, the stuffiness, the dynastic presumptions, and so on. But for now the new culture of Washington, perhaps because it is also an old one, seems worth celebrating. Politics as tedious but effective management is an ancient conservative doctrine—but, these days, a strikingly fresh one. Such a politics does not need, as the Clintons did, to infiltrate every part of our lives, to mesh the exigencies of statecraft with the tawdriness of Hollywood. It is a politics that does not need to be permanently in the spotlight on the national stage and is often content to operate quietly behind the curtain. The promise of Bush is to make politics boring again, to return it to the prose of government rather than the drama of private life or the poetry of the broader culture. He will succeed, if he does, the way Eisenhower succeeded: by being absent, calm, subtle, careful, self-effacing. And he will succeed because the rest of us, after eight years of ceaseless psychodrama, will be deeply, permanently grateful for the change.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

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Mischief

THE MONTHS OF Palestinian rage known as the "Al-Aqsa intifada"—they are actually only the latest outbursts in the years of Palestinian rage that have comprised most of the political history of the Palestinians—should have demonstrated that peace will be made on the ground or it will not be made at all. The recent violence exposed the peace process as an exercise of elites, of the *à bientôt* crowd, who are always cordial toward each other. The leaderships of Israel and the Palestinians have been busy with the terms of a settlement, but they have been paying little heed to the inclinations of their populations. And those inclinations differ significantly. In Israel, there is popular support for peace and there is popular opposition to peace; the electoral swings of Israeli democracy during the past quarter of a century are directly attributable to this tormenting division. But the Palestinian population, we now see clearly, is not divided. From Fatah to Hamas, peace is scorned. Where is the internecine Palestinian debate? On this question, there is no air between Faisal Husseini and the most inflammatory of the Gazan mullahs. They are all maximalists; and their children in the streets are behaving like the children of maximalists.

The extraordinary thing about Bill Clinton's frantic attempt to manufacture an accord between Yasir Arafat and Ehud Barak is that it flies in the face of present experience. At the very moment that the Palestinians are proving that peace must have roots if it is to have branches (and that it has no roots yet in their community), the president is throwing himself into another round of deracinated diplomacy. He seems to think that a few more summits, a few more bridge proposals, and a few more brandies are all that it will take to get things "back on track," when we have just learned that there is no track, at least not through the sites of the conflict itself. Reality has tested the peace process, and the peace process has failed the test; and so the president is in flight from reality. He is looking for formulas where there are only funerals.

Clinton's little rush of conflict resolution is based upon a misunderstanding of conflict. He seems to believe that it is the leaders who are standing in the way of an edifying outcome. But it is the communities who are the obstacle to his ambition, because they happen to be at war. What will it matter if Yasir Arafat agrees to the principles of an approach to an interpretation of a framework? Arafat's position in Palestine is as fragile as his health. He lives in mortal terror of his own people. He is helplessly witnessing the ascendancy of a new radicalism in Palestinian politics, a new rejectionist consensus based upon new generational and theological developments. Arafat cannot even govern his own movement, which is now more faithfully represented by the paramilitaries of Marwan Barghouti, the warlord of Ramallah. And what will it matter if Ehud Barak agrees to surrender sovereignty of the Temple Mount, or any other mount? He now enjoys the support of exactly 36 members of the Knesset. He is trailing Ariel Sharon in the polls, not least because of his willful and autocratic flexibility in all these negotiations. Anyway, by the time a new "breakthrough" breaks down, Clinton himself will be far away on the lecture circuit.

There is another sobering truth that the months of Palestinian uprising have exposed, and it is the unappeasability of Palestinian diplomacy. The summer's talks at Camp David were defeated by Arafat's demand for the Temple Mount, and so the winter's talks have begun with the suggestion that Barak deliver the Temple Mount. Incredibly, at least from the standpoint of Israeli politics, Barak appears to have agreed. (More incredibly, from the standpoint of Israeli security, he has also agreed to quit the Jordan Valley, which is Israel's line of defense against Iraq, its most dangerous Arab enemy.) A deal, then? Of course not. The satisfaction of one Palestinian demand is succeeded only by the expression of another Palestinian demand. The new "stumbling block" is the right of Palestinian refugees to return to their old addresses in what is now Israel. This demand is especially troubling, because it represents the belief that the reversibility of history is a condition of justice, and because it refuses to concede once and for all the legitimacy of the Jewish state, and because it prefers the past to the future. If there is anything that the Palestinians might learn from the Jews, it is that you do not flourish by making a fetish of your father's house.

The cartographical contraption that Bill Clinton hopes to cobble together will not come to pass, for many reasons. The really terrible thing is that his Hail Mary diplomacy is interfering with the lucidity that the present crisis demands, with the dourness about peace that these days is surely the beginning of wisdom. ■

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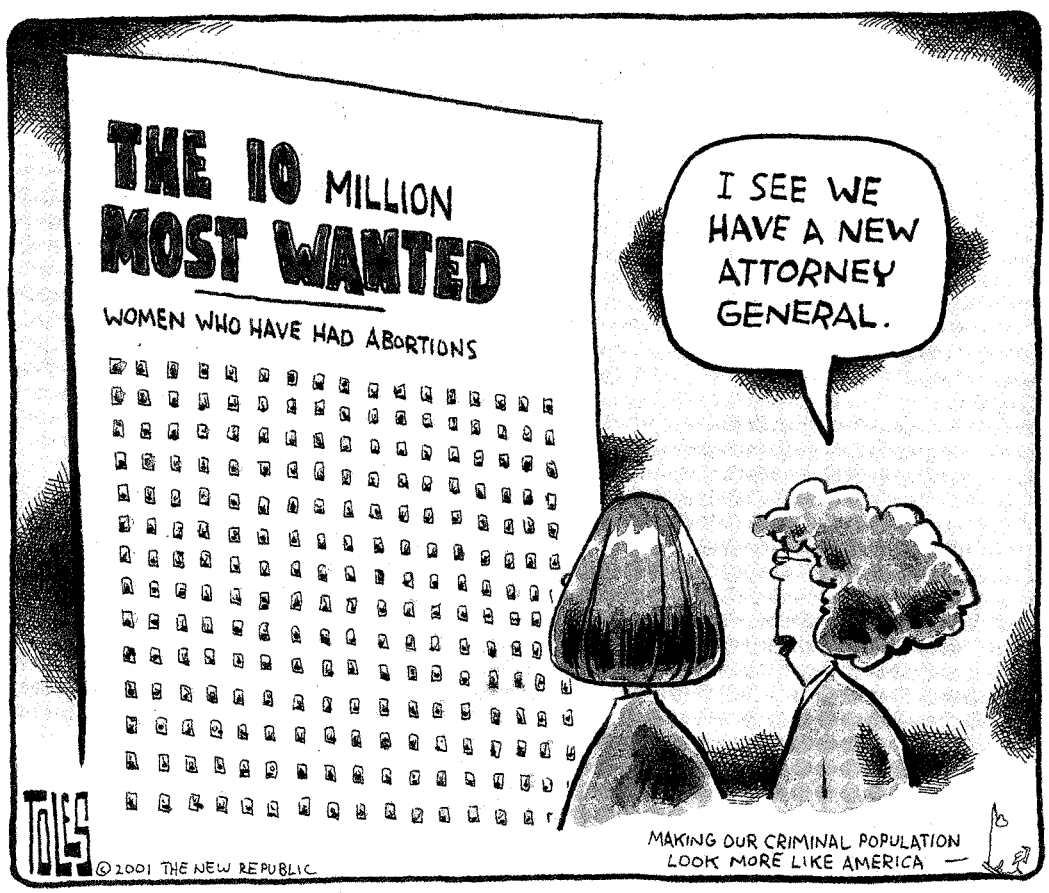
NOTEBOOK

SCARLET LETTER: John Ashcroft's two-page letter to Attorney General Janet Reno, apparently unreported by any major news outlet, rang with a sense of urgency. "This year," he wrote, "several disquieting events have raised serious questions about the integrity of the elections." The electoral irregularities were striking enough, he argued, to merit investigation by the Justice Department. "I would appreciate your immediate attention to this problem, using the resources of your Department, to ensure the integrity of [the] election process," he pleaded. "Since the American people rely on the election process to express their collective judgment about the nation's future direction, the prospect that the people's voice may be muffled or distorted ... is gravely troubling." He ended the letter with an urgent appeal: "Again, I would appreciate hearing from you immediately, as the nation's chief law enforcement official, about what actions the Justice Department will undertake ... to ensure the integrity of the nation's elections." As it happens, the letter referred not to Florida 2000 but to Missouri 1996, when allegations arose concerning the illegal registration of immigrants who were not yet American citizens. But, given Ashcroft's panicky call for a Justice Department investigation of such a minor incident, we can't wait to hear how, as attorney general, he intends to respond to the far more serious electoral allegations in Florida. We hope the Senate can't either.

MORE PRIVATE-SECTOR JOBS CREATED!: These last few months, Bill Clinton has been going through legacies as if they were Kleenex. Environmental protector? Let's declare a few more national monuments. Racial pioneer? How about appointing the first African American judge to the Fourth Circuit? Middle East savior? Why not charm Yasir Arafat into embracing a peace deal? But he's also been working on a more secure legacy: champion of Washington sleaze. In December, Clinton ensconced fund-raising pal Terry McAuliffe—king of soft money and inventor of the White House sleepover—as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Then, adding insult to injury, last Saturday Clinton announced he was revoking his 1993 executive order requiring senior government officials to wait five years before they lobby former colleagues. "It had more to do with image than with ethics," one presidential adviser told *The Washington Post*. Of course, Clinton made good use of that "image" eight years ago, congratulating himself for halting the flight "from public service to private enrichment" and "stop[ping] the revolving door" of Washington influence-peddling. But, now that hordes of Clinton cronies face imminent unemployment, "private enrichment" doesn't sound so bad. The ban was "unnecessarily punitive," explained Roy Neel, a former Clinton deputy chief of staff who left the White House after a year to become president of the United States Telephone Association. Or, as White House counsel Beth Nolan put it, "The president believes that the executive order has served its purpose." Clearly.

FUZZY MATH COMES TO WASHINGTON: When the Clinton administration increased its ten-year surplus projection by some $800 billion last week, the incoming Bushies were predictably gleeful. And why not? With their giant tax cut going nowhere, the news about the surplus couldn't have come at a better time. "The latest set of estimates reinforces how much room there is in the federal budget to cut taxes while securing other priorities," crowed Bush spokesman Ari Fleischer to *The New York Times*. "We can pay down the debt and cut taxes." But wait a minute. Haven't the Bushies spent the past few weeks claiming that their tax cut is needed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WOMEN WHO HAVE HAD ABORTIONS
I SEE WE HAVE A NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL.
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specifically because the country is headed for a recession? But the surplus projection has been increased precisely because the government *isn't* predicting a recession; it's projecting about 3 percent GDP growth next year and beyond. According to the Bushies' tangled logic, either we can afford a tax cut we won't much need (if you believe the surplus figures), or we need a tax cut that we really can't afford (if you believe we're headed into a recession). We're eager to hear their choice.

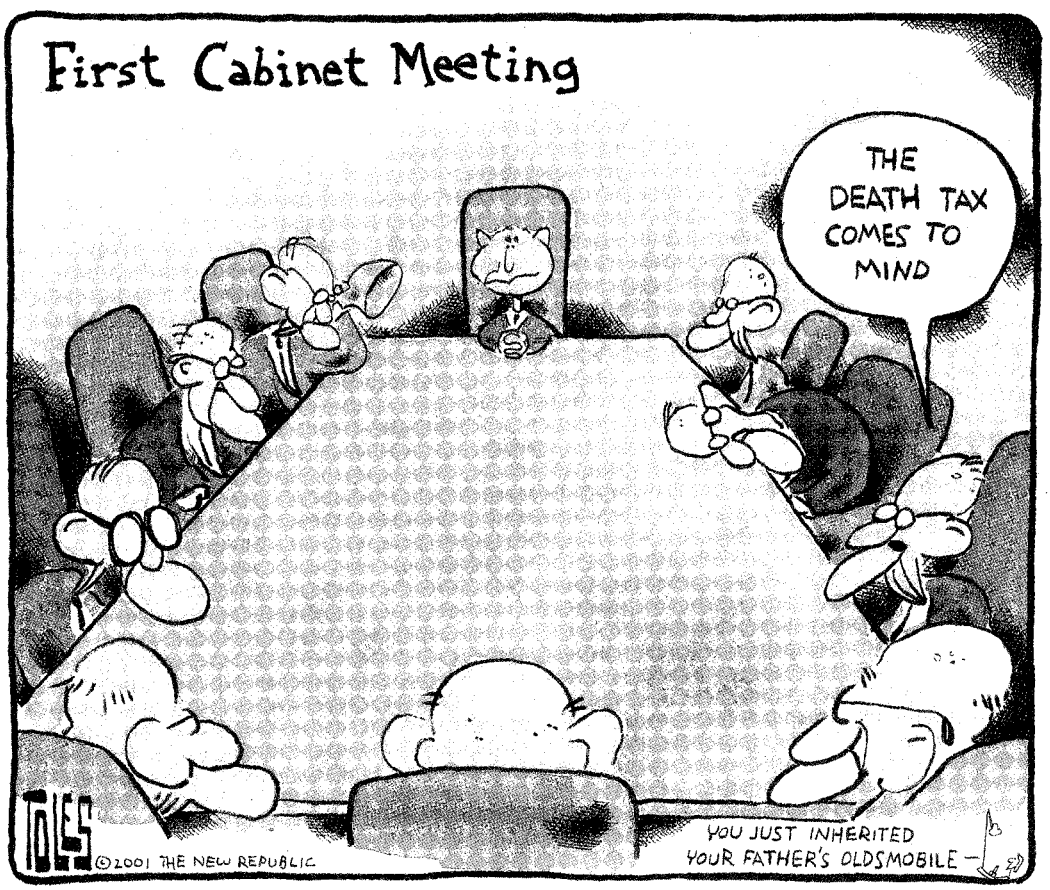
UNFUZZY MATH DOESN'T: Of course, a lot of economists don't think we need a tax cut even if we are heading into a recession. But you'd think that at least the economists working for Bush would be on board. You'd be wrong. Last week, *The Washington Post* reported that Stanford economist and Bush adviser John Taylor wrote last summer in *The Journal of Economic Perspectives*, "If the countercyclical goals of fiscal and monetary policy are the same, then why not simply let monetary policy do the job?" He continued, "It is also likely that the use of discretionary fiscal policy could make the Fed's job more difficult." In other words, a president facing a recession should eschew a big tax cut and let the Fed revive the economy (which it started to do with its interest-rate cut this week). When he wrote this, poor Taylor had no way of knowing that the Bushies would subsequently latch on to a slowdown to peddle their tax cut as economic stimulus, a role for which it was explicitly not designed. But now that Taylor, once considered a shoo-in to head Bush's Council of Economic Advisers, has been caught admitting the obvious, he may have to remain in academia. Unless, of course, Bush wants to drop the recession argument for his tax cut and start pushing its affordability in light of all those coming surpluses....

W.'S HIDDEN QUALIFICATION: "LOCAL RANCH OWNER GEORGE W. BUSH ELECTED AS NATION'S 43RD PRESIDENT"—*The McGregor Mirror*, December 21

CONSIDER YOURSELF WARNED, DUBYA: "Jamaicans are not afraid to [hit] the child if he be rude or out of order.... A child has got to know his place, when to play and when to work."—Colin Powell's cousin Muriel Maggie, on Powell's rigorous upbringing, *The Washington Times*, December 28

DEPARTMENT OF POTS AND KETTLES: "The cardinal thing you remember him for was what a selfish politician he was from the Democratic Party's point of view. He lost it all except for himself."—Ralph Nader, describing President Clinton, *The New York Times*, December 27

WAS ED MEESE UNAVAILABLE?: Last week, the Utah attorney general's office began searching for the state's first-ever "porn czar," the lucky lawyer entrusted to comb through a daily stream of adult videos and dirty magazines. The job, officially titled "obscenity and pornography complaints ombudsman," pays about $80,000 per year and entails developing a statewide "moral nuisance" law and helping offended residents drive sexually explicit businesses out of town (pitchfork not included). Surprisingly, as of press time, only 14 lawyers had bothered to apply. But then it may be that former Salt Lake County Attorney Doug Short has scared off other applicants with his sterling qualifications. Making his case to *The Salt Lake Tribune*, the perhaps overeager Short claimed, "I've got a lot of experience in the nuts and bolts of the job." ■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Tel Aviv Dispatch

Center Stage

By YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI

IN THE LOBBY of Likud headquarters hangs a plaque with a quotation from *Samson*, a novel written by the party's mentor, the late Zionist leader Ze'ev Jabotinsky: "Tell them three things in my name, not two: Gather iron, anoint a king, and learn to laugh."

For many years Ariel Sharon—the iron-willed general and Likud hard-liner—seemed faithful only to Jabotinsky's first two imperatives. He appeared at once aggrieved and combative; even his massive physical presence seemed provocative. Yet, at age 72, the public Sharon has learned to relax and even to laugh. His weight no longer seems like excess but like comfortable accumulation. When he discusses painful subjects, such as his role in the Lebanon war, he smiles, as if he's learned the habit of amiability. As the front-runner against Ehud Barak in the coming elections, he invokes peace and national unity as much as security and counterterrorism. "Only Sharon can bring peace," proclaims his improbable campaign slogan.

Barak's campaign will, of course, try to demolish Sharon's new, more harmonious image by characterizing the election as a choice between a man of war and a man of peace. Sharon brought Israel into a dead-end adventure in Lebanon; Barak took Israel out. Sharon built settlements deep in Palestinian-populated territory; Barak will uproot them.

But, even as Barak tries to portray Sharon as his antithesis, the prime minister has come to resemble a younger Sharon in his willingness to polarize the nation for the sake of a personal vision. Where Sharon invaded Beirut without national consensus, Barak is trying to impose a peace plan that at least half the country opposes. Both men have a history of discarding democratic niceties. Sharon crushed Palestinian terrorism in the 1950s, helped win the 1973 Yom Kippur War, and solved the housing crisis of Russian immigrants in the early '90s—but he invariably violated accepted procedure and generated moral anguish with his excessive use of force. For his part, Barak has ignored the warnings of legal experts, including Attorney General Elyakim Rubenstein, that, as leader of a minority government in the midst of an election, he lacks the moral right to offer the most far-reaching peace concessions in Israel's history. Neither ex-general has respected limits: Sharon didn't stop at Beirut to destroy the PLO, and Barak doesn't stop at Jerusalem to appease it.

Indeed, perhaps the crucial question of Israel's upcoming election is whether the elderly Sharon has learned from bitter experience what Barak has yet to understand: that war and peace alike can be made only through national consensus.

With some justification, critics deride Sharon's new, conciliatory image as political spin. The man who now calls himself a unifier, after all, was once the most divisive politician in Israel, forced to resign as defense minister in 1983 after a commission of inquiry found him derelict for failing to prevent the Sabra and Shatila massacre of Palestinians by Israel's Lebanese Christian allies. Indeed, some of Sharon's recent attempts at moderation are ludicrous. Last week, for example, he sent greetings to Yasir Arafat for the Muslim holiday of Eid al-Fitr—despite the fact that he refuses to shake the Palestinian leader's hand.

Still, Sharon is today less reckless than Barak. While Barak offers massive, desperate concessions, Sharon says he will negotiate the creation of a Palestinian state but preserve security zones in the West Bank and Israeli rule in united Jerusalem, including the Temple Mount—echoing the centrist platform Barak adopted in the 1999 elections. The left calls that position a nonstarter, but Sharon also says he will settle for less in return: "nonbelligerency" rather than the full peace and total withdrawal Barak seeks. Sharon's desire to return to gradualist diplomacy recalls the approach of his friend and opponent Shimon Peres, who has also criticized Barak's all-or-nothing offer as futile and dangerous.

ONE INDICATION THAT Sharon's turn to the center may be more than an election gimmick is his obsession with a national unity government. Ever since Barak's election, Sharon has sought a coalition with Labor, despite opposition within Likud and snubs by Barak, who twice secretly turned to the ultra-Orthodox Shas to uphold his coalition even as he negotiated with Sharon. "A younger Sharon probably wouldn't have taken the humiliation," says a close associate. "But he took it because he believes that unity is the only way out of Israel's problems." At a recent meeting of Likud's central committee, Sharon provoked widespread booing by declaring that, if elected, he will hand Barak the defense ministry. It's as if Sharon now wants the left inside his future government to restrain him from any lingering adventurist impulses—such as his call early in the new intifada to consider reoccupying Jericho.

Sharon's commitment to national unity has its roots in the traumatic 1982 Lebanon war. Unlike Benjamin Netanyahu, whose short-lived political reemergence was accompanied by confessions of past failure, Sharon doesn't do apologies. Yet, after persistent questioning in an interview with THE NEW REPUBLIC, he concedes that he learned the strategic importance of national unity during the Lebanon invasion—which he still insists was justified but which divided the public and even the army and transformed security from Israel's most unifying political issue into its most divisive. "A person learns from his experience," he says. "I think that you must get to unity if you decide to take the step of war."

That is precisely the kind of talk that unnerves settler leaders. Although they have endorsed Sharon, they remain wary of his commitment to a unity government, fearing that he'll uproot settlements in exchange for a partnership with Labor. "We'll have to baby-sit Sharon very closely," warns settler leader and Knesset member Rabbi Benny Elon.

Sharon insists the settlers have nothing to fear, promising that no settlements will be uprooted as a result of the prolonged interim agreement that he's advocating, even if a

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Palestinian state emerges. "I've made my position clear," he adds. "Jerusalem as the united capital of the state of Israel forever. And the Jordan Valley as an essential buffer between the Hashemite kingdom and a Palestinian entity." But equally significant is what Sharon omits: Though he once ardently invoked Israel's historic right to the West Bank, now he confines that passion, at least publicly, to Jerusalem and relates to the territories in purely strategic terms.

ABROAD, NO ISRAELI leader is as reviled as Sharon. But Israeli attitudes toward him are more complex. That's partly because Sharon, who grew up in the Labor movement and served in the army with men who later became Labor leaders, is on intimate terms with the Israeli elite. In 1996, Netanyahu, then prime minister, was shunned at a private family memorial for Yitzhak Rabin, while Sharon, an old friend of Rabin's, was welcomed. Barak and Sharon also enjoy a strong personal rapport. After Sharon went up to the Temple Mount in September, Barak publicly and repeatedly exonerated him of any responsibility for the subsequent intifada, noting that Sharon's visit was merely a pretext for preplanned violence. Nor has Sharon, however appalled by Barak's concessions to Arafat, personally attacked the prime minister.

Even on the Israeli left, hostility to Sharon is tempered by ambivalence. Though he built the settlements in the West Bank, he uprooted those in the Sinai desert as part of the Camp David accords with Egypt. Though he invaded Lebanon, he helped further relations with Egypt and Jordan and was among the Israeli leaders most trusted by the late King Hussein. Justice Minister Yossi Beilin has denounced Sharon as the "ugly Israeli" who will again drag the country into unnecessary war, but novelist and veteran peace activist A. B. Yehoshua recently told a radio interviewer that Sharon's promises of peace cannot be dismissed.

Even in the Arab world, Sharon has his reluctant admirers. Lebanon's Druze leader, Walid Jumblatt, was recently quoted in the Israeli newspaper *Yediot Aharonot* sounding like a Sharon campaigner: "Our experience with Sharon is long and complicated. [But] with him we know exactly where we stand, and when he wants to achieve something, he achieves it. If you ask me which of the two candidates can reach a settlement with the Palestinians, I tell you: only Sharon."

The optimistic scenario for a Prime Minister Sharon would be that he succeeds in forming a unity government and reaching another interim agreement with the Palestinians. Comprehensive peace would not be the focus of negotiations. "Arafat can't give up the Palestinian dream of return," notes former Israeli U.N. Ambassador Dore Gold, with whom Sharon consults on foreign policy. "Sharon will offer an alternative model for negotiations."

The pessimistic scenario would be that Labor refuses to join a Sharon government. This is especially likely should Barak and Arafat reach a comprehensive agreement, which Sharon, if elected, would almost certainly reject. Sharon would then be forced to form a narrow, hard-line coalition. The Arab countries, sensing Sharon's international vulnerability, would try to turn Israel into an outcast. Jordan and Egypt could revoke their peace agreements while Syria dispatched Hezbollah to attack the Galilee, leading to Israeli retaliation and regional war.

But many Israelis now believe that a Barak victory would bring war as well, perhaps on less advantageous terms. With the head of the Shin Bet warning of the emergence of a terrorist state on Israel's borders and the army chief of staff insisting that Barak's concessions would make it impossible to defend Jerusalem and the coastal plain, Sharon's old apocalyptic prophecies have become the nation's daily discourse.

"We can't return to the time of Sharon," warns the new Labor slogan, summoning the specter of 1982, when Sharon's excesses divided Israel. The irony is that, if Barak loses the election, it will be because the candidate who most resembles the Sharon of 1982 is Barak himself. ■

Is Tommy Thompson W.'s Jack Kemp?

Moral Minority

By JONATHAN COHN

HERE ARE SOME of the things for which Wisconsin Governor Tommy Thompson is best known: He opposes abortion rights and signed into law a measure so restrictive the U.S. Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional. He fights with teachers' unions and helped bring a school-voucher pilot program to Milwaukee. Finally, and most famously, he despises welfare, having signed one of the first laws requiring single mothers to work in order to receive government assistance.

So it's no wonder conservatives are so gleeful that President-elect George W. Bush has tapped Thompson to run the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS). "An outstanding appointment," gushed conservative activist Gary Bauer. "On, Wisconsin," cheered the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page. Time.com pronounced Thompson a "conservative star."

But don't be surprised if, within a year or two, Thompson has lost favor among conservatives. Yes, he has attacked big government. But he's also expanded Wisconsin's state-run health insurance program. Yes, he has opposed abortion rights. But he's also promoted stem-cell research. And, yes, he has taken on teachers' unions. But he's also befriended the transportation unions in an effort to revive Amtrak, whose board he chairs.

Indeed, the more you learn about Thompson's career, the more you discern a pattern. He starts off making doctrinaire conservative pronouncements—attacking big government, criticizing liberal permissiveness, and so on. But, once he actually has to run things, he veers left, in many cases embracing large government programs that, if applied on a

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federal level, would make Republicans apoplectic. This doesn't make Thompson a liberal, but it doesn't make him much of a conservative, either. In fact, it's not hard to imagine the new HHS secretary becoming a rather unpopular character among the Republican faithful—and with the new president as well.

Thompson's drift from right to left is best displayed in his signature cause: welfare reform. Initially, Thompson attacked welfare in crude, race-baiting terms. In 1986, during his first gubernatorial campaign, he described Wisconsin as a welfare magnet whose excessive generosity attracted the urban poor from neighboring states. When Anthony Earl, the incumbent Democrat, warned that Thompson's proposed benefit cuts would turn Wisconsin into Mississippi, Thompson shot back that Earl was turning Wisconsin into Mississippi already.

Thompson won the race, but, as governor, his early "reforms" consisted of tiny, ineffectual pilot programs. Then, in 1993, just before the Republican congressional rout put welfare back on the national agenda, a group of maverick Democrats decided to call Thompson's bluff. They offered to end welfare altogether—with the understanding that Wisconsin would create a New Deal-style jobs program that required work but rewarded it with a reasonable wage. The measure passed the state legislature, in part because many Democrats assumed it would force the governor into an embarrassing veto. Indeed, Thompson's own health and social services secretary had promised as much. But Thompson signed the law, proudly proclaiming that he was leading the nation in welfare reform. And he was. When President Clinton finally signed the national welfare reform act of 1996, the federal government was in effect ratifying exactly what Wisconsin had already done.

Except that Wisconsin was about to take its reforms many steps further. The original 1994 Wisconsin legislation was actually just a policy skeleton; the real transformation was in the details. As the program took shape under the aegis of "Wisconsin Works" (a.k.a. "W-2"), the reform conservatives had hailed began looking more and more like a program liberals could love, with more money for job counseling, last-resort public works jobs, child care, transportation, and so on. Today participants in W-2 get far more money and services than the old welfare recipients ever did, with benefit levels now 20 percent higher than they were just five years ago.

Some liberals still insist that Wisconsin is better at trimming the assistance rolls than at actually lifting people out of poverty. But if the state doesn't find attractive jobs for everyone formerly on welfare, it's doing a better job than just about anywhere else. Under Thompson's leadership, Wisconsin has created a seamless social safety net for low-income workers that looks more like a European social welfare state than anything else you'll find in the United States. And Wisconsin is still expanding it, most recently by improving health care through a program called BadgerCare.

BadgerCare began as an effort to claim federal money, made available through the State Children's Health Insurance Program (S-CHIP), for insuring the children of poor families. Even as less enthusiastic governors—most notably a certain Republican in Texas—were looking for ways to avoid implementing the program, Thompson eagerly pushed eligibility up to 200 percent over the poverty line. More important, his administration realized that the key to getting kids insured was to get their parents covered, too—so they applied for, and received, a federal waiver to make parents eligible as well. The results: So far, 77,000 people have enrolled, while 25,000 (most of them even poorer) have found their way to Medicaid thanks to BadgerCare's aggressive outreach. "Even when the program ran out of money, within the last year, Tommy told Joe [Leann, Wisconsin's secretary for family services], 'Don't kick anybody out,'" says David Riemer, the director of administration in Milwaukee and an architect of W-2. "Tommy said, 'We'll find the money.'"

It is possible that Thompson pushed these reforms through just to polish his image. Having hitched his star to welfare reform, it was in his interest to forge whatever deals he needed to make the program succeed. But Thompson could have simply slashed the welfare rolls without spending the money to find jobs for former recipients—a politically

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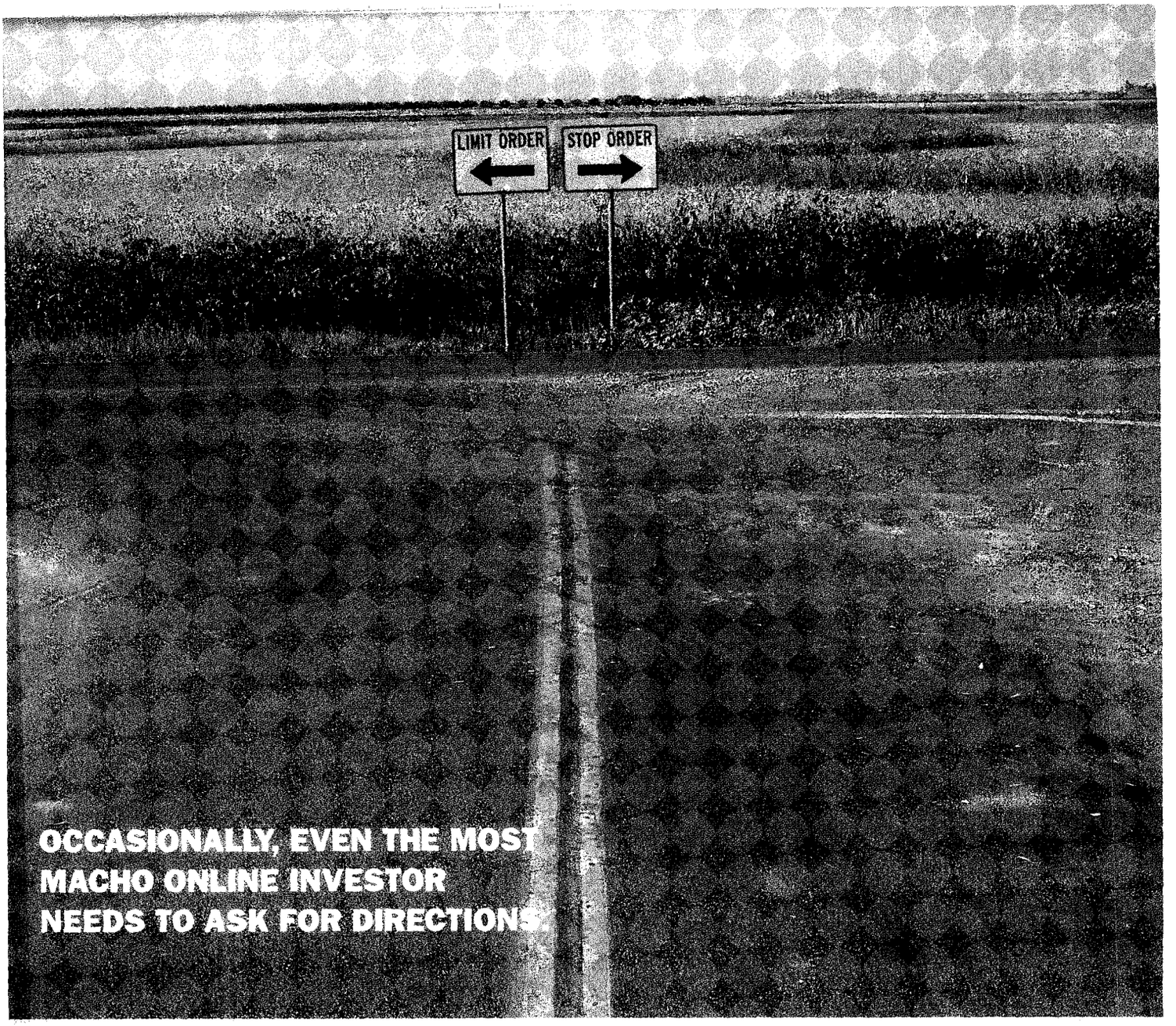

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successful formula for most GOP governors. His decision not to is strong evidence of ideological transgression. As is his ideological lineage. Just as Thompson talks about the strong work ethic he inherited from his German father, a small-town grocer who put young Tommy to work polishing eggs in the store, he also talks about his Catholic mother's abiding interest in social justice. The closer you look, the more Thompson's behavior seems in line with Wisconsin's progressive tradition, a tradition that has long crossed party lines.

Regardless of his motivation, Thompson's commitment to creating an FDR-style jobs program has been strong enough to impress quite a few would-be critics. "For the future of welfare reform, Governor Thompson is an excellent choice," says Bruce Reed, the longtime White House domestic policy guru who might well have been HHS secretary had Al Gore won the election. "He has never shortchanged the efforts in Wisconsin, and I think it has been a real model for the rest of the country." Even Wendell Primus, who resigned from Clinton's HHS over welfare reform and finds Wisconsin's law too punitive, lauds Thompson's willingness to spend money on the poor.

If Thompson behaves in Washington the way he's behaved in Madison, at least some conflict with conservatives seems inevitable. The federal welfare law will come up for reauthorization in 2002, and, while it should pass easily, there will be fights over what to do with unspent welfare funds. Congressional Republicans have already suggested taking some of the money back and cutting future grants in order to free up more money for tax cuts. Thompson opposed such measures as governor and would probably do so again at HHS.

Health care reform could also spark tension. At the press conference announcing his appointment, Thompson made it clear that he expects to have a hand in crafting Bush's health care policies. But health care is precisely where Thompson's penchant for spending money and expanding programs will run up against right-wing doctrine on fiscal policy and the role of government. During the campaign, Bush demonized Gore's proposals as big government and committed himself to loose regulation and tax credits. Yet, in Wisconsin, Thompson has created the very kinds of programs that Gore advocated and Bush bashed.

Even on abortion, where Thompson is usually described as staunchly pro-life, he may give conservatives fits. Thompson believes in the turn-of-the-century "Wisconsin Idea"—that government and academia are partners in progress—and it's one reason he has been an eager proponent of stem-cell research on extracted embryo cells, in which the University of Wisconsin has been a leader. That's exactly the kind of research anti-abortionists want to ban. And as head of HHS, which has oversight over the National Institutes of Health and all sorts of research regulations, Thompson will be at the center of the fight.

Indeed, the real question is not Tommy Thompson's convictions but George W. Bush's. W.'s father faced a similar situation: a Cabinet bereft of strong domestic policy experience, save for one crusader who just wouldn't shut up about getting more money to the working poor. The elder Bush dealt with Jack Kemp by ostracizing him, and Kemp took his dissent public. It's hard to imagine Thompson, who's more of a team player, doing the same. More likely, he'd quietly step down. Which is why the best measure of the Bush administration's domestic policy may be how long Thompson keeps working on it. ■

Why Israel will be glad to see Clinton leave.

Good to Go

By MARTIN PERETZ

FIVE YEARS AGO—five years and two months, to be exact—I wrote in these pages that "no president of the United States has had such valent sympathy for Israel as President Clinton." "You could see it on his face," I went on, "... you could hear it in his words: 'Israel's covenant with God—for freedom, for tolerance, for security, for peace—that covenant must hold.'" Clinton's message and his affect touched the audience that had assembled, in shock and grief, on a hilltop in Jerusalem to "gather," as Scripture puts it, Yitzhak Rabin "to his fathers." No one has ever employed that corny phrase "*Shalom, chaver*" to greater effect.

The president, we have all learned rather ruefully, is a master of emotional circumstance. He manipulates with unparalleled skill. And many of us happily consent to our manipulation. We not only admire it, we demand that others in our public life (most poignantly, Al Gore, who was partly done in by his inability to project phony feeling) emulate it. Clinton is our most inauthentic president and, not coincidentally, the first to cast himself as a celebrity.

In any case, I confess: I was taken in by Clinton's haggard visage and passionate talk on Mount Herzl. He really did care, I told myself. Clinton loved Israel in the way, perhaps, that Thomas Jefferson loved France. He would not put the Jewish state in danger.

So count me among the manipulated; putting the Jewish state in danger has become the central thrust of Clinton's final days in office. Yes, he felt our pain. But that was precisely

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what was so insulting. Real attachments require distinctions. To have too many friends (too many *chaverim*) is to have none at all. Clinton did feel Zion's pain at Rabin's interment. And he felt the pain of Zion's sworn enemies at exactly the same time, in exactly the same way—which is to say falsely.

Bill Clinton, it turned out, loved an Israel of his imagining, an Israel whose peacemaking would aggrandize him. But one must love Israel for what it is—a democratic and humane society in a benighted and demeaning neighborhood—whether it is at peace or at war, the more perhaps if it is at war. For Clinton this is an incomprehensible thought. He has a horror of conflict; everything must go with everything else. And Israel is now paying the price—as Bosnia did before—for his unwillingness to admit that sometimes, strategically and morally, it does not.

THE PALESTINIANS DESERVE not to be governed by Israel. But they do not deserve to govern territories that will make the defense of Israel impossible and the lives of Israelis a nightmare. And that is precisely what our president now proposes.

The making of peace is a long process. But it must be a process that shows each side to have progressed emotionally, or at least intellectually. Each must believe that the other has some justice to its cause and, therefore, should be conciliated in palpable ways, with concrete and reciprocal concessions. Moreover, the two publics have to support these concrete concessions, as the Israeli public has. This was the unfulfilled logic of Oslo, the furtive negotiations celebrated on the White House lawn in September 1993. I did not attend that celebration, because I sensed in my bones that its logic would remain an abstraction, that the facts would not comply. And I take no joy in learning that I was right.

From the beginning, the challenge of Oslo was to reconcile the maximalist ambitions of the Palestinian leadership with the reality of what Israel could safely bear. When the agreement was signed, I feared that gap could not be bridged, that Palestinian Chairman Yasir Arafat would remain delusional. Now, to my horror, I realize that he was not delusional—the gap has been bridged, but it is not Arafat's ambitions that have been compromised; it is Israel's security. Clinton has handed Arafat (and his unknown successors at the helm of emergent Palestine) most of what he has always demanded and much more besides.

It began with Fatah, and later the Palestinian Authority, setting preconditions they knew Israel would not meet. But then, mirabile dictu, they found that Clinton could be counted on to lure Ehud Barak into compliance. Soon after assuming office, the great realist of the Labor Party began transforming himself into the type of dove he used to disdain, abandoning one historic and strategic red line after another. The PA did not fail to notice this surprising new pattern in Israeli behavior, and soon habits began to form. Why not ask for everything? And now we have reached the end of the line. There is just about nothing real left for the Palestinians to try to extort. And, indeed, even extortion has not been required. A temper tantrum will do. Or sending thousands of violent young men into the streets to throw Molotov cocktails and fire machine guns at Israelis, both civilian and military.

The present government of Israel is now committed to returning virtually to the 1949 armistice lines and—in those few instances where it will retain a half-kilometer here and a half-kilometer there—to compensating the Palestinians with land from pre-1967 Israel, a bit of the Negev, let's say. At its population heartland, from Tel Aviv north, Israel will be squeezed into roughly 15 kilometers between armed Palestine and the sea. (And no one pretends any longer that Palestine will really be disarmed.)

Sure, for a few years Israel will have some constabulary force on the Jordan River. But thereafter its border with Jordan—a border that could essentially become its border with Iraq—will be handed over to the Palestinians. The Jordan River is a border of immense military value, as Israel's generals all know. And when it goes the traffic in big weapons will begin, as it has already in the port of Gaza. This is not only a nightmare for Israel. It is also a nightmare for Jordan's young King Abdullah, whose father knew the designs of the Palestinians on his stable and decent government. How long before Saddam Hussein responds to the spontaneous clamor of Jordan's Palestinians, and Arafat and Saddam transform themselves from comrades-in-polemic into comrades-in-arms? The enforced politesse of Arab politics keeps the Hashemites silent about this. But it does not disguise the realities. Even Clinton and his national security adviser know they are paving the way for Jordan's demise, and they don't care. Jordan's pain is something, alas, that Clinton seems not to feel. Clinton is an immediate gratification artist, and why should he dwell on someone's future pain when there is so much pain he can feel today?

The strategic lunacy of abandoning the Jordan Valley contains no countervailing moral logic. Almost no Arabs live—or, for that matter, have ever lived—close to the western side of the Jordan River, except for the inhabitants of Jericho, who have been under Palestinian rule almost since the peace process began. This is truly empty land.

VASTLY LESS EMPTY, and vastly more complicated, is the land around Jerusalem. There is a specific psychiatric malady called "Jerusalem syndrome," and, alas, it seems to have infected our president. The city's Arab and Jewish populations are interlaced like the fingers of two clasped hands. So there is frequent occasion for conflict and slight—some of it, it must be admitted, committed by the citizens and officials of Israel. But the notion that the solution for this city, with its many layers and textures, should be two ethnically pure sovereignties flies in the face of not only its past but its present. For better or for worse, this has always been a mixed city. It cannot be unmixed. You can separate parts of the West Bank from Israel, and maybe that will ultimately happen if this "peace agreement" fails. But you cannot separate Jerusalem from itself. It is a geographical impossibility.

Israel was ready, without Clinton's lubrications, to cede many civil functions to the Palestinians of East Jerusalem. (They already exercise some of these, de facto, and have for some years.) It was prepared to let Palestinian flags fly over many venues, in some—for instance, the Temple Mount or

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Haram al-Sharif—confirming what has been the case for 33 years: that this is a place of predominant Muslim concern. Even during Benjamin Netanyahu's term as prime minister, the Israelis negotiated a proposal behind the scenes for a Palestinian parliament in metropolitan Jerusalem, and, without any interference from the government, construction was completed.

But that successful compromise was achieved (and could only have been achieved) in the context of a united city. There are many wrongs encapsulated in the ethnic-purity model of two sovereignties in Jerusalem. The grimmest consequence is that it fosters among Muslims the idea that nowhere should they be forced to live as a minority under other people's rule. A corollary of this notion is often that other minorities must live under Muslim rule as second-class citizens. In many places, this means Christians are forced to live under *sharia*, Islamic law. It is ironic that Clinton, whose finest moment in foreign policy was in finally mobilizing against the ethnic purifiers in the former Yugoslavia—OK, he was pushed into this finest moment by Al Gore—should have as the core of his proposal for the Middle East the logic of ethnic and religious purity. And the logic will not stop in Jerusalem. Why, some Israelis will surely ask, if a minority of Muslims cannot live under Israeli rule in Jerusalem, should they be allowed to do so in Haifa? It is an ugly question, but, as a result of Clinton's proposal, it will be asked.

Meron Benvenisti probably knows more about Jerusalem than anyone else alive today. He is a dove, although this nomenclature simplifies his complex views. He is more than sympathetic to the Arabs. He has the kind of genuine empathy that the great empathizer still in the White House can't grasp. Here is what Benvenisti wrote in *Ha'aretz* on December 28: "[W]hen I tried to ask 'my sources' how it is possible to implement the principle of 'the division of Jerusalem on an ethnic basis,' I discovered that the bridge-builders will have a lot of work: There will be a bridge from Silwan to the Temple Mount, a bridge from the Jewish Quarter to the Mount of Olives, and bridges from the Jewish Quarter to Mount Scopus, to French Hill and Neveh Ya'akov, and from East Talpiot to Har Homa." There will be many bridges and many tunnels, and none of them will be safe. The 20-foot-wide road from the Jaffa Gate through the Armenian Quarter to the Zion Gate at the beginning of the Jewish Quarter will be under Israeli sovereignty, while the neighborhood that straddles the road will be under Palestinian sovereignty. The Palestinians will be sovereign here, here, and there. The Israelis will be sovereign there, there, and here. A child might have to pass through several sovereign enclaves to get to school.

I'VE BEEN ASKED why the Christian leadership in Jerusalem supports Palestinian sovereignty in the Old City, as reported in *The New York Times* just before Christmas. For one thing, they had no alternative once Clinton and Barak offered to give it away. For another, most of the Christian leaders are Palestinians themselves. But, as Christians, they have nothing to fear from the Israelis. By way of contrast, in the 19 years of Arab rule in East Jerusalem, from 1948 to 1967, there were draconian regulations against even the upkeep of churches. And since authority in the West Bank was relinquished to Arab rule in accordance with Oslo, the story has been much the same. Once a city with a hefty Christian majority, Bethlehem, the birthplace of Jesus, is now nearly 70 percent Muslim. This is not because of the high Muslim birth rate. It is because Christians living there live in tremendous adversity and fear. But Christian Arab intellectuals like Edward Said and Hanan Ashrawi continue to wager, as their forebears have since Arab nationalism first emerged a century ago, that their fervent devotion will keep Arab nationalism secular. It is a wager that they, like their predecessors, will lose.

Such history matters little to the Clintonites. And perhaps no one in the Middle East expects Americans to be deep readers of history. But you'd think they could at least read maps. The Israeli army has been exemplary in respecting civilian authority in political matters. It has drawn whatever maps the prime minister asks for, and it makes plans to defend the country according to those maps. But the chief of staff, General Shaul Mofaz, told the Cabinet last week that the map now being drawn is indefensible, that Tel Aviv could not be defended. The general whom Netanyahu passed over for Mofaz's job and who is now a member of Barak's government, Matan Vilnai, said essentially the same thing.

Perhaps it is they who were thinking about history. On April 13, 1948, a month before Israeli independence, one of the daily convoys of doctors, nurses, and those injured by Arab shelling was making its way to the old Hadassah Hospital on Mount Scopus. The hospital was cut off from the rest of Jewish Jerusalem, and the convoy had just passed the Arab neighborhood of Sheik Jarrah when it was ambushed. The British high commissioner had guaranteed the convoy's safety; 78 Jews were killed. Now, according to Clinton's and Barak's maps, we will need such convoys again. And this time, some cheerfully suggest, they will be protected by the United Nations.

ALL THIS ISRAEL seems prepared to allow. Barak's only remaining bright line is the roughly 3.7 million refugees, maybe more, dispersed in Gaza, Lebanon, Jordan, Syria, Iraq, and the West Bank. And so Clinton's solution is for some refugees to be resettled in a Palestinian state and for the others finally to enjoy a warm welcome in the lands they have lived in, despised and persecuted, for years. This really is hauteur—Barak and Arafat are to sign an agreement that commits the governments of Lebanon and Syria to integrate the Palestinian refugees into their own societies. Why in the world, after the brutal mini-state the Palestinians set up in southern Lebanon after 1975, would any Lebanese leader consent to this fix? Somewhere in Clinton's deluded head is a $40 billion emolument. Maybe the Bushies will fork it over instead of their tax cut.

Barak clings to Clinton's grandiose vanity because it serves his own. He is convinced that a piece of paper signed by him and Arafat, however flawed and however dangerous, will get him re-elected. Pre-election polls in Israel are notably volatile, Barak is telling himself, and Sharon gives many Israelis pause. Barak knows he doesn't have the authority to make this deal; maybe he doesn't even entirely believe in it.

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After all, it contradicts his earlier pledges. But the greater good is always a politician's election. An agreement is a tenuous way. But it may be his only chance. *Après moi*, he figures, *le déluge*.

Which brings us back to the American president, his own days in office numbered, his place in history in permanent shadows. He does not want to endanger Israel. He almost certainly thinks that the perils of potential war are more fearsome than the vagaries of a risky peace. He is a "give peace a chance" politician, which is fine. If this deal improbably succeeds, he will gain the glory. But it is not he who will be taking the chances. It is not his children who will be on the buses with bombs dedicated to the greater glory of Allah, not his children who will die restoring the borders he thought expendable.

Israel has another option. It is not war but perseverance. Let Israel withdraw unilaterally from Gaza and from what it thinks prudent in the West Bank. Let that prudence be generous. Let it also devolve unto the Palestinians whatever parts of Jerusalem Israel can do without. The Palestinians will have their state, the first polity of their own in history, the second state to have been birthed by Zionism. There will be separate states, not interlaced states, making their own economic ways in the world. I suspect the Palestinians will make a mess of it, like their cousins in the rest of the Arab world. Perhaps the Saudis will help them. Or the Europeans, who have such strong views on what Israel should risk. It won't be Israel's responsibility. And it won't be America's. Bill Clinton won't get the Nobel Peace Prize. So what? ■

What's so great about bipartisanship?

Means of Consent

By JONATHAN CHAIT

THE NEW REPUBLIC has obtained a copy of President Bush's inaugural address, and it reveals the new president's determination to end Washington's adversarial culture and restore comity between Democrats and Republicans. "A new breeze is blowing, and the old bipartisanship must be made new again," Bush declares. "The American people await action. They didn't send us here to bicker."

That inaugural address was actually delivered by President George Bush in 1989 (and obtained via an electronic database). But the theme will undoubtedly reappear in his son's speech. George W. Bush made bipartisanship a campaign mantra, and it was the centerpiece of his December victory speech—which he delivered (after an introduction from Democratic Speaker Pete Laney) from the Texas House of Representatives, where, he noted, "Republicans and Democrats have worked together."

In so doing, Bush has embraced one of Washington's most cherished myths. In the political culture of the capital, bipartisanship serves as a proxy for other qualities—moderation, civility, and compromise—widely associated with public virtue. The sentiment has existed for a long time, but the closeness and ugliness of this presidential election have given it new urgency. In recent weeks, the punditry has reverberated with calls for bipartisanship, and politicians in both parties have dutifully vowed to comply. "We want to create a tone," a Bush adviser recently proclaimed, "that will dissuade both sides from continuing the warfare." Which is all well and good—except that when the two parties speak of bipartisanship, they mean entirely different things. What's more, both versions are meaningless.

The Democrats in Congress define bipartisanship as passing legislation that enjoys widespread support in both parties. "Having a Republican steamroller and picking up a handful of conservative Democrats is not bipartisanship," said Democrat Charles Rangel. "What is bipartisanship is bringing in the leadership of the Democrats and Republicans and trying to find an agenda that both parties can agree to, so that we have an equal number of Republicans and Democrats supporting it." And the Democrats already have such an agenda in mind: their own. "If we work in a bipartisan way," promised House Minority Leader Dick Gephardt, "we can get all that list done—campaign reform, education, prescription medicine, patients' bill of rights."

But, of course, these ideas—with the possible exception of education—don't have serious Republican support at all. Most Republicans oppose campaign finance reform. It's true that many, over the last year or two, have mimicked Democratic rhetoric on HMOs and prescription drugs. But most have done so for political cover, backing ineffectual alternatives and resisting genuine reform. The GOP's main proposal on prescription drugs in last year's Congress involved subsidizing insurance companies to offer private coverage—an idea that independent analysts, as well as many of the companies themselves, rejected as unworkable. Republican proposals on HMO reform were filled with loopholes that restricted the number of patients affected and their right to sue their insurers.

The only way to pass genuine campaign finance and health care reform would be for Democrats to pick off a few like-minded Republicans. But, by the Democrats' own definition, that would not constitute real bipartisanship. The reality is that if Congress takes up the issues that dominated this year's campaign and restricts itself to legislation that enjoys the

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support of the bulk of both parties, then almost nothing of importance will be accomplished. Far from overcoming gridlock, the Democrats' idea of bipartisanship would practically guarantee it.

BUSH'S DEFINITION OF bipartisanship is more modest: passing legislation with the support of most Republicans and *any* Democrats. So far, Bush has pursued this goal by meeting with moderate and conservative Democrats and largely ignoring their leadership in Congress. As governor of Texas, he did the same thing—wooing ideologically compatible Democrats, of whom there were many in Texas, and stiffing everybody else. (The audience at his speech in the Texas House contained only those members of the opposing party who had allied themselves with Bush; other Democrats were not welcome.)

The brand of bipartisanship Bush has followed to date, in other words, requires no ideological compromise whatsoever. The "bipartisanship" derives from the fact that the two parties do not align themselves along a perfect left-right axis. For most of the past century, party labels corresponded less closely to ideology than they do today. Some Southern Democrats ranked among the most conservative members of Congress, and some Northern Republicans ranked among the most liberal. In recent decades, the Democratic Party has consolidated its hold on Northern progressives, and the GOP has consolidated its hold on Southern conservatives. (Which is why Congress has grown more partisan: Party identification has more ideological significance.) But the realignment is still not complete, leaving a residue of Democratic conservatives, like Louisiana Senator John Breaux, and Northeastern Republican liberals, like Vermont Senator James Jeffords, who, had they been born a generation later, would likely have wound up in the other party. This year's American Conservative Union rating for Jeffords, 36 percent, is in the general range of white Southern Democrats and well below that of representatives such as Mississippi's Gene Taylor (56 percent) or Texas's Charlie Stenholm (52 percent).

So, if you were to line up every member of Congress from left to right on each issue, the halfway point would find a smattering of Democrats on the right and a smattering of Republicans on the left. It would be arithmetically impossible for Bush to cobble together majorities without winning over *any* Democrats. Bipartisanship, by Bush's definition, could simply mean gathering together the most conservative 51 percent of Congress on each issue.

Strangely, though, Bush's talk of bipartisanship has been widely interpreted as a rebuke to his party's conservative wing (usually embodied by bombastic House Majority Whip Tom DeLay). Here is a quotation from Bush spokesman Ari Fleischer: "The governor's focus is going to be on implementing the compassionate-conservative agenda he ran on. He's hoping to create coalitions to pass that agenda. He believes the key to governing is bipartisanship." And here is a quote from DeLay: "We'll act exactly the same way we have been. We'll write conservative bills and ask the Democrats to participate." A *Washington Post* story portrayed these two remarks as emblematic of the "contrast" between the two men's approaches to bipartisanship. But, if you look past Fleischer's velvety spin, both men are saying basically the same thing: They want to pick off enough Democrats to pass as much of Bush's agenda as possible. Indeed, DeLay has in recent weeks held private meetings of his own with conservative Democrats.

DON'T THE TWO parties know that their paeans to bipartisanship are incoherent and self-serving? Probably. But two key segments of the population demand them. Independent voters, unmoored from partisan affiliation, respond approvingly to politicians who disdain interparty bickering. A widespread populist strain—best embodied in Ross Perot's 1992 campaign—holds that there are objective, nonideological solutions to the nation's problems, and the only barrier to these is the two parties' inability to cooperate.

Oddly enough, this populist critique almost perfectly matches that of the Washington establishment, which regards bipartisanship as a lost Eden to be longed for and lamented. The official view was neatly encapsulated in a recent *New York Times* op-ed co-authored by Howard Baker, John Danforth, Sam Nunn, and Robert Strauss, four consummate representatives of respectable centrist opinion. After the obligatory odes to the sagacity of the Founding Fathers and calls for healing, the four wise men explain why the election results constitute a ringing public demand for bipartisanship. "An electorate that split down the middle on the presidency, on the House, and on the Senate was obviously sending a message to those who would govern America," they write. "What the American people are looking for is not confrontation but rather consensus, not militancy but moderation." And what is this consensus that Congress should pass? "The agenda should not be the platform of Philadelphia or the platform of Los Angeles," they assert. "It should be the politics of moderation that the American people, in their wisdom, endorsed on November 7."

Here we find several peculiar, but popular, assumptions. The first is that a close election represents a conscious endorsement of bipartisanship. The fact that nobody actually voted for a presidential candidate located symmetrically between the two parties does not trouble the advocates of this view. The implication is that the voters cluster in the political center and, when forced to select between two equally noxious extremes, split in two in order to prevent either party from gaining a mandate.

One problem with this theory is that voters don't act en masse. The election's close outcome stemmed not from a collective choice to divide down the middle but from a collection of individual choices to support one party's candidate or the other's. Moreover, there is no reason to think most voters reside in the ideological terrain between Bush and Al Gore. Quite the opposite: Both candidates enjoyed the unshakable allegiance of roughly 40 percent of the population and moved as close to the center as their bases would permit in order to win the smaller number who remained. In all likelihood, more voters lay to the extremes of the two candidates than between them.

Nor does the fact that each party's candidate received a

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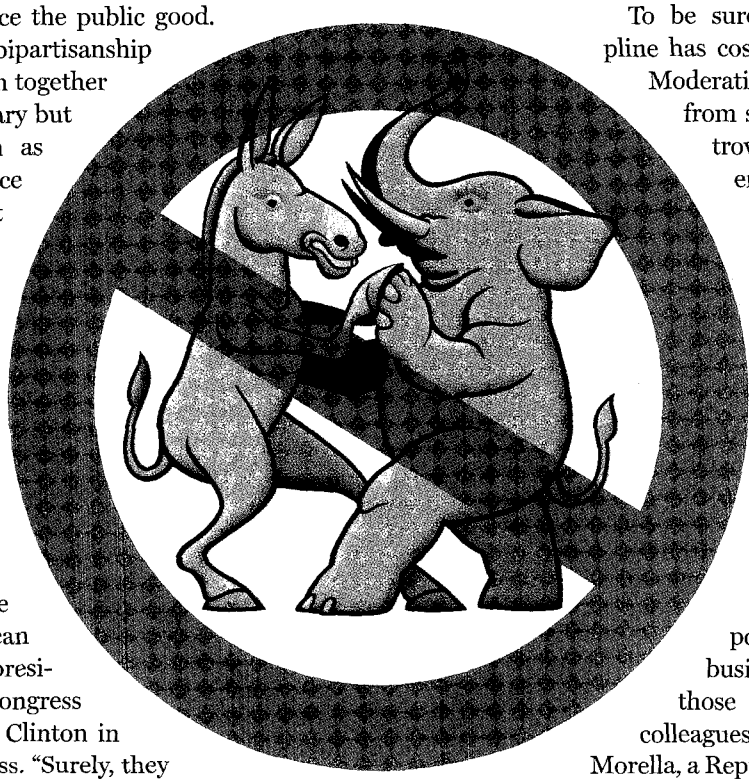
roughly equal number of votes mean the public supported their platforms equally. Opinion polls consistently showed higher support for Gore's positions than for Bush's. Bush roughly matched Gore's vote total by convincing swing voters that he shared Gore's views on key issues like prescription-drug coverage and HMO reform. Gore's ideological advantage, meanwhile, was offset by his limited skills on the stump and the cultural backlash against President Clinton's personal behavior.

Then there is the assumption that bipartisanship equals "progress," which is inherently superior to "gridlock." "Both parties," observe the *Times*' op-ed sages, "have been given a mandate to work together, to come together, to work to find those areas of national agreement that do not divide Americans, but rather unite them." Naturally, such a premise appeals to elected officials, who win the favor of their constituents through obvious legislative achievements. But it does not necessarily advance the public good. Sometimes, to be sure, bipartisanship means that both parties join together to provide cover for necessary but unpopular decisions—such as the 1990 agreement to reduce the budget deficit. But bipartisanship just as often provides cover for mutual irresponsibility.



Consider what happened the last time talk of bipartisanship filled the corridors of power. Four years ago, even though the results of the election were quite different, the predominant interpretation was the same as it is now. "The American people returned to office a president of one party and a Congress of another," said President Clinton in his second inaugural address. "Surely, they did not do this to advance the politics of petty bickering and extreme partisanship they plainly deplore." And so Clinton began his second term determined to reach an agreement with congressional Republicans. The result was the Balanced Budget Act of 1997, an archetype of back-scratching politics in which both sides took credit for a result (the disappearance of the deficit) that would have occurred anyway. The bill's cost-saving measures, such as its unworkable budget caps, have mostly been ignored, while the deal added tens of billions of dollars in new spending and tax breaks.

This year, the large budget surplus tempts the parties to join together in an even greater spending and tax-cutting binge, the bill for which would come due in a decade or so. Alternatively, if the parties cannot reach a grand agreement, the money will automatically be used to pay down the national debt—a much more productive allocation of the surplus. So if the retirement of the baby-boomers finds us drowning in debt, it will likely be the result of too much bipartisanship, not too little.

Just as legislation passed with bipartisan support is seen as morally commendable regardless of its content, politicians who frequently cross party lines are deemed similarly virtuous regardless of their reasons for doing so. Reporters invariably describe moderates as "independent" or "maverick," as if their only motivation were an innate resistance to partisan groupthink. "Sadly, partisanship rides so high these days that anyone daring to cross party lines can expect to be roughed up," wrote the politically ambidextrous commentator David Gergen, "as I found in my own case." You would think Gergen was a social and political leper rather than a prestigious, highly paid member of the Washington elite. According to the ethic of bipartisanship, politicians are tugged between the polar forces of their own self-interest, which means upholding party loyalty, and the public good, which means the opposite.

To be sure, abandoning party discipline has costs. But it also has benefits. Moderation is a way for members from swing districts to avoid controversy with their constituents. Congressmen willing to be more pro-business than their party leaders (Democrats, usually) are richly rewarded by campaign donors. Senator Joe Lieberman's bipartisanship is a function not only of his temperament and moralism but also of his alliance with Connecticut's insurance, gun, and submarine industries, which urge him to take positions more favorable to business and the military than those of most of his Democratic colleagues. If Representative Connie Morella, a Republican in a liberal Maryland district, didn't frequently challenge the GOP leadership, she'd be out of a job. Conversely, often the toughest thing for a congressman to do is to buck his own constituents and back his party's leadership. In 1994, many Democrats lost seats for supporting President Clinton's tax increase. James Rogan, a conservative Republican in a moderate district, voted with his party for impeachment in 1999, contributing to his defeat the next year. In all these instances, "bipartisanship" was the easy path, the path that helped politicians further their careers, but not the path of genuine conviction.

None of this is to say that bipartisanship is necessarily evil. It has produced valuable achievements and could do so once again. The point is that bipartisanship is not necessarily good, either. It has no inherent meaning one way or the other; the presence or absence of cooperation between parties tells us nothing about whether government is acting in the public interest. Bipartisanship is a political tactic, not a moral principle. Too bad Washington can't tell the difference. ■

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Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Women in Danger

By now it is a rule of thumb (well, my thumb, anyway) that a chief problem in filming a first-class novel is its prose. Other matters are much easier to deal with: extracting the plot, condensing it (usually necessary), and possibly rearranging it. But the better the novel, the less important is this plot-processing. The big trouble is in transmuting the very organism of a work in one art into another organism. Terence Davies's screenplay of **The House of Mirth** (Sony Pictures Classics) and the film he has made from it are painful reminders of that problem.

Davies is noted for two quasi-autobiographical films about his Liverpool boyhood, *Distant Voices, Still Lives* and *The Long Day Closes*, both of which traded in the commonest cinematic currency of working-class life and pathos. Here, braving the *bon ton* of New York in the early 1900s, he seemed uncomfortable throughout, as if he had been invited to an Edith Wharton party for which he was not suitably dressed. Class snobbery is hardly the point. (What had Ang Lee of Taipei to do with the class in his excellent *Sense and Sensibility*?) The trouble is artistic gift—Davies's lack of it.

Scene after scene, shot after shot comes along on an assembly line, the film seeming menially manufactured as it rolls. Hardly ever do we get a camera movement or a framing or a sweep that suggests the grace and self-confidence of Wharton's prose, therefore of her world. Rich settings and good costumes help to a degree, but Davies's series of clunky two-shots and close-ups are the style of a director woefully aware that he has none. This is emphasized by what is his greatest lack: apparently, he had no vision of the film before he began.

Some Parnassian instances of the reverse. Antonioni said that, before he started *L'Avventura*, he thought about making time and silence visible. Bergman said that he began writing *Persona* because of a flash that he had of two women in large hats sitting in the sun, talking. Davies—evidently—began with little more than the urge to put this novel on film, with no prior vision, however small, of its cinematic body. As a result, the film has little of the panache and none of the force of Wharton's tragedy.

The protagonist, Lily Bart, was created by an author who obviously loved Emma Bovary and Anna Karenina. (Early in her life Wharton even copied out passages from Flaubert's novel. Davies, in one of his few subtle touches, has Lily make her first appearance through the steam of a locomotive in a railroad station, thus suggesting Anna and her fate.) Lily, like her earlier sisters, is a woman crushed by being a woman—in a time when the understanding of women was not a requisite in the other gender. This devolution, more essential than plot data, eludes Davies. He gives us a succession of scenes disclosing Lily's poor decisions and unwise actions, but they are like a series of testimonies in a trial, isolated reports of actions rather than a cumulative swell.

His maladroit screenplay and direction are only partly responsible for the debacle: his casting seals the picture's fate. Gillian Anderson, as Lily, gives what can be called an understudy performance. We feel that the actress who ought to have done it, Julianne Moore, was not available, so they went ahead with Anderson (just as Joan Allen in *The Contender* seemed to be filling in for Meryl Streep). Anderson is not hopelessly bad, but, as Lily, there is never anything more to her than what she says and does. Large talents enlarge roles. (Anyone who has seen Moore as Elena in *Vanya on 42nd Street* knows what Lily could have been.) Dan Aykroyd, a modern smart-ass, plays Gus Trenor, the society leader whose crude seduction attempts crack his polished façade; but Aykroyd is never more than a modern smart-ass, so there is no façade to crack. Eleanor Bron has been an amateur actress for thirty-five years, capable only of imitating performances she has seen. Here, as the imperious Mrs. Peniston, she continues her amateur career. Anthony LaPaglia, playing Rosedale, certainly looks different from the Anglo-Saxon types around him, but he lacks the combined ambition and wryness of the Jewish financier who wants a place in this society partly to prove that they are unable to keep him out.

Two of the actors prosper. As Bertha Dorset, who suspects that Lily is a threat to her marriage, Laura Linney wields a gleaming stiletto. And Eric Stoltz, as Lily's faithful friend Lawrence Selden, has dignified sweetness. If only it were worth visiting *The House of Mirth* in order to see Linney and Stoltz.

To a European town comes a beautiful young woman who makes trouble. The resultant film is a downward step in the career of a director who began well. These two statements apply both to **Malena** (Miramax) by Giuseppe Tornatore and to **Chocolat** (Miramax) by Lasse Hallström.

Malena comes off the better of the two. Tornatore began his career with *Cinema Paradiso*, which tickled memories of childhood infatuation with film and its liberating surge. Tornatore remembered his boyish friendship with the theater projectionist in his Sicilian town and—a commonplace in good art—made that town ours. Now he is back in that town, figuratively speaking, with an early adolescent boy and a different sort of infatuation during World War II (hardly autobiographical: Tornatore was born in 1956). This time the wistfulness seems fabricated.

Malena, lately arrived in town, is the lovely, modest wife of a local young man now away in the war. (Malena is played by the darkly feline Monica Bellucci.) All the adolescents in town, as well as all the older males, fantasize about her though she does nothing to encourage them. When news of her husband's death arrives, fantasies only increase.

For Renato, the central adolescent of the story, an important rite of passage is his admission to a slightly older group of Malena-watchers. But all of these teenaged teasings (and self-relievings) are only Fellini leftovers, not exactly *Amarcord* revisited—*Malena* isn't sufficiently insightful or deft—but *Amarcord* sighed for. The only affecting moments are those that breach Renato's point of view, which otherwise prevails, and take us into Malena's privacies. A film about Malena herself, her travails, the deep-reaching conclusion, would have been much more interesting and original, but Tornatore is mired in clichés.

Still, *Malena* isn't saccharine like *Chocolat*, which has so sickening a screenplay—by Robert Nelson Jacobs, from a novel by Joanne Harris—that it is depressing to see Hallström's name as director. True, his latest previous film, *The Cider House Rules*, was overrated, but he did make *My Life as a Dog* (in his native Sweden), which is among the finest of

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childhood films in the art's history, unsentimental yet steeped in feeling. *Chocolat* is like being force-fed chocolate for two hours.

The place is a pretty French town in the 1950s. (English dialogue.) To this town, which is swayed by a count who boasts that his ancestor drove out the Huguenots, come a young widow, Vianne, and her small daughter. Vianne opens a *chocolaterie* with a line of candies and cakes that would make Paris envious. How she learned her craft, and when and how she makes her goodies, are subjects left to the vaguely metaphysical. What is clear is that Vianne's character is sweeter than her products. Rarely, outside of Disney, has any young woman been so adorable.

Naturally the austere count hates Vianne as a pagan hedonist and does his worst to drive her out of town. It is impossible to tip the ending of this story: every reader knows it already. The only bitter touch in the picture is that the actors are much better than the fudge they slosh through. Juliette Binoche nearly makes Vianne credible. I wish that Alfred Molina, as the count, could find a way to move his performance into a better film. So should Judi Dench, as a grouchy grandma, along with Lena Olin as a near-crazed wife of the café-owner and lovely old John Wood as a shy dog-walking bachelor.

At least Tornatore, though his career does not ascend, seems to be making films he wants to make. But Hallström's career is becoming familiarly dismal. A director, often a European, shows true talent, is seized by big-money powers and is masticated to their wishes. "Don't lose what we hired you for," they say. "Just do it our way." ■

Robert Brustein on Theater

Dreaming a Dream Play

AUGUST STRINDBERG wrote *A Dream Play* in 1902 after experiencing a serious nervous breakdown in Paris that led him to the brink of madness. Called the "*Inferno* crisis" after the intensely subjective memoir he later wrote about the experience, this was a period in which Strindberg's incipient paranoia had blossomed into full-blown persecution mania. Among his many curious delusions was the conviction that he was being tortured by feminist witches. He was convinced they were pumping gases into his body by means of an infernal electrical machine through the walls of his hotel room.

His recovery from this dark night of the soul, under the tender care of his mother-in-law, led to a radical transformation in his personality, his religious beliefs, and his approach to theater. Whereas Strindberg formerly believed, for example, that what passed for love between men and women was strife, a crude Darwinian struggle for supremacy resolved only through the victory of one sex over the other, by the time he writes *A Dream Play* he has abandoned his Naturalistic strategies and misogynistic dogmas and embraced a kind of rueful asceticism modeled on Eastern religions.

Strindberg's change in mood was further influenced by the dissolution of his third marriage, to the actress Harriet Bosse. Previously inclined, and on the slightest pretext, to accuse his female partners of infidelity, lesbianism, careerism, uncleanliness, sloppy bookkeeping, and trying to emasculate him (his model was Hercules, robbed of his club by Omphale and forced to do female tasks), Strindberg was beginning to concede that he might share some of the blame for the way his relationships had been unraveling. Trapped in a repetition compulsion, he recognized that he was producing the same neurotic patterns over and over again.

As a result, *A Dream Play* has a cyclical form rather than a linear one. Also as a result, Strindberg's central character in this play is no longer a raging, victimized male, as in his pre-*Inferno* writings, but rather a composite of bewildered men (called the Lawyer, the Officer, the Poet) on a quest for salvation. As for his traditional antagonist, the scheming or castrating female, she has been replaced by the tender and compassionate daughter of Indra, the Vedic ruler of the heavens and the god of storms. Indra sends the girl down to Earth through a suffocating atmosphere (Strindberg predicted the pollution over our major cities) to find out why people are so full of complaint. In order to learn this, she must first take on human form (her terrestial name is Agnes or Lamb of God) and become a kind of female Christ.

After witnessing countless instances of human suffering, and enduring a lot of suffering herself as the battered wife of the Lawyer in a household where the maid pastes out all the air, she returns to heaven, spent and exhausted, leaving her mortal remains in the purifying fire. Indra's daughter has concluded that life is a tragic contradiction, a struggle between irreconcilable opposites such as spirit and matter, love and hate, the male and female principles. These are the conflicts that split the human heart in two, forming the basis for her repeated perception that "Humankind is to be pitied."

But this moist, often self-pitying choral moral is not what is remarkable about the play. Nor is the work especially unique in its perception that we dream away our lives and wake only into death. Calderón framed this concept hundreds of years earlier in *Life is a Dream* ("What man is there alive who'd seek to reign / Since he must wake into the dream that's death?") and so did Shakespeare in *The Tempest* ("We are such stuff / As dreams are made on and our little life / Is rounded with a sleep"). No, the innovation of *A Dream Play* (and of *To Damascus*, the trilogy that preceded it) is its non-realistic form, later to be called Expressionism.

It is a form in which, in the playwright's words, "Anything can happen; everything is possible and probable; time and space do not exist ... imagination spins and waves new patterns made up of memories, experiences, unfettered fantasies, absurdities, and improvizations." Strindberg had not read Freud, though he was familiar with the writings of Charcot, whose experiments with hypnotism influenced Freud's early theories. Nevertheless, his method uses a kind of Freudian stream of consciousness, and his play is full of Freudian insights, including the notion that the unconscious observes "no secrets, no incongruities, no scruples, and no law."

Since the work follows the episodic,

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fluid, and fragmented form of a dream, in which characters, in Strindberg's words, "are split, double and multiply ... evaporate, scatter, and converge," it has always been fearfully difficult to produce on stage. Aside from the fact that the work is all theme and virtually no action, an existential cry of pain, Strindberg calls for at least nine major changes of scene, and his final image is that of a burning castle topped by a flower bud that bursts into a giant chrysanthemum. Try that one on your scene shop and see what happens!

Since the ideal dream medium is the cinema, you would think that some avant-garde filmmaker might have turned *A Dream Play* into a surrealistic movie, on the order of Cocteau's *Blood of a Poet* or Buñuel's *Andalusian Dog*. Indeed, it would have been a perfect project for such an inventive cinema artist as Ingmar Bergman, many of whose film are Strindberg *hommages*. (Indeed, *Wild Strawberries* borrows its academic procession scene from the one in *A Dream Play*.) But Bergman elected to produce this Strindberg work on stage rather than on screen, and in that intractable medium even Bergman was unable to make it work.

A Dream Play has, in fact, never succeeded in the theater, to my knowledge, until Robert Wilson decided to stage the play with the resident company of Stockholm's Stadsteater. Performed in its original language, Wilson's version was recently brought to Brooklyn for a brief run as part of the New Wave Festival at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where it proved to be not only one of the most striking theatrical events of the season but also one of Wilson's most inventive productions. Wilson solves the insoluble problems of the play largely by ignoring them completely. There are, in this production, no Faustian prologues in heaven between Indra and his daughter, no contrasting views of Fairhaven and Foulstrand, no quarantine stations, no flaming castles flowering into chrysanthemums. Although the text (most of it preserved in this version) is displayed in supertitles above the stage, what transpires on stage is virtually another play, filled with Wilsonian inventions that are sometimes only vaguely connected to those of Strindberg. Wilson, in short, is not uniting with the play so much as running alongside it. It is as if he were dreaming *A Dream Play*, adapting its subterranean melodies to his own unheard music.

The Moment

Blue gray, damp, vague—September
morning is banal with small desires: sleep,
hunger, self-doubt's rehearsals. Where
to plant the butterfly bush, the new
dogwood, the aster you want to bloom
this fall? Should you have written that letter
or held your tongue, allowed the friendship
to lapse? In August wildflowers along all
the roads are yellow, gold: pale mullein,
goldenrod, black-eyed Susan's blaze:
summer's end catches fire. You begin
to see there's something you won't have;
you want it still. You watch the neighbors
do what they do every morning; you don't
know why they do it, but the recurrence,
like a dream's landscape, reassures: a known
structure against which mysteries are enacted,
the self you are becoming written into being.
How do you know if any moment of grief
is pure? Mourning is shot through with self.
You long for time, not patience. In five years,
the dogwood will bloom profusely.

Sandra Kohler

Although purists might object, these parallel works are fascinating to watch in tandem, especially for those familiar with the original, because Wilson's images bounce off Strindberg's text in an almost reverberant manner. Paradoxically, the production begins to flag only when Wilson's approach becomes illustrative rather than metaphorical, which is to say when he begins to observe the letter rather than the spirit of the text—in the disappointing opera scene, for example, in which Wilson fails to find a visual correlative for the Officer's ordeal of waiting for his beloved.

The evening begins with an overture of Michael Galasso's shimmering, deeply amplified music as we study a painted drop curtain depicting a frame house, a yard, and two young girls in frocks standing beside their bicycles. The drop having been raised, we observe four workmen in white aprons mechanically wielding tools (a hammer, a plane, an awl) as a luminous short-haired young woman slowly descends down a ramp holding a shoe. This is the daughter of Indra (played by Jessica Liedberg with porcelain delicacy), and the shoe is a symbol of the earthly possessions that she, along with the others, will divest herself of in the final scene.

Liedberg, like the rest of this excellent company, has been trained within an inch of her life in Wilsonian choreography. And nowhere has the influence of George Balanchine on Wilson been more manifest than in the physical twists and turns of this production. (Wilson casts his actors not by determining how well they can read text, but by how accurately they can count time.) The result is a kind of painting in motion, with the dialogue functioning largely as another musical element—in keeping with Strindberg's desire to have his plays achieve the condition of music. Featuring a sequence of exquisite settings and lighting effects, and a costume palette where all but one character are dressed in shades of whites and blacks, the production offers an immense variety of vivid stage pictures and vibrant acoustical shocks. It is like listening to a guide explaining the paintings in a museum, except that here the pictures illuminate the guidebook instead of vice versa.

Although Wilson grows a bit repetitive in the second part of the evening, most of his exhibits are loaded with detail. The maid (Kajsa Reingardt) flirting with the Officer (Henrik Rafaelsen) by moving her body coquettishly while snapping her teeth. Three huge white cows being milked to the accompaniment of comic sound effects while men in riding habits stand witness to the action. A woman standing on a beach accompanied by a man bestriding an enormous nineteenth-century cannon. A three-dimensional perspective of the opening act curtain, with two maids standing near a well against the background of a leafless tree. A greenhouse constructed of large windows and skylights and filled with potted plants, near which a maid serves food from a lectern. A brick wall, a large barrel, a blackboard on which the Poet, wearing a one-piece bathing suit, writes.

I find it impossible to describe how these seemingly vagrant visual images charge the atmosphere and mood of the play. One can only experience them. Yet it is not just handsome designs that enhance the evening; it is also a wry comic tone. Wilson adds a great deal of humor to a work that might otherwise have seemed a little lugubrious and more than a little plaintive. And while he eventually runs out of ideas in the second part of the evening, there are enough fresh images to make this *Dream Play*, almost a hundred years after its composition, a major theatrical event with which to start the new century.

In the last scene, all the characters have their precious identifying props lifted into the flies instead of being burned in a purifying fire, and Agnes slowly ascends the ramp to rejoin her father. Here the pro-

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duction has managed to achieve the state of harmony and atonement with which Strindberg wished to leave the spectator. "Sleep, the liberator," he writes in his author's note, "often appears as a torturer, but when the pain is at its worst, the sufferer awakes—and is thus reconciled with reality."

"Everything is atoned for," Strindberg said on his deathbed while pressing a Bible to his breast. *A Dream Play* was designed to be an act of penitence and contrition for a badly-lived life. The Robert Wilson production—not perfect, but still the finest realization of the play that I have seen—catches the remorse of the writer without his self-dramatics, thus managing to raise Strindberg's pathological imagination to a new spiritual plateau. ■

The generational progress of feminism.

Girlie, Interrupted

By CHRISTINE STANSELL

I.

AMERICAN FEMINISM, still vigorous in its latest run of thirty years, is also old enough to produce its own vexed family dynamics. In the political unconscious of the women's movement, the mothers, beset by anxieties about age and the fate of their boldest dreams, fret at their offspring's backsliding ways. And the young bridle at the old guard's faith that a politics devised thirty years ago retains its potency today. Every so often, some writer designated (or self-designated) as the voice of the rising generation bursts into print denouncing the older generation's dowdiness and prudery, and the press proclaims feminism's demise. The mothers, ensconced in their own magazines, foundations, law practices, and universities, haughtily dismiss the fuss; the more dutiful of the daughters rush to their defense; and the matrophobe is banished from the ranks.

Antipathy between generations runs across the culture. Radical sophistication, whether political or cultural, demands not just a critical attitude toward predecessors but also toward its own repudiation. The generational cycles have been so ratcheted up that to hold a place in the limelight for any time demands a vehement show of singularity within a minutely segmented moment of the "now." So it is interesting to find a book that tries to spring loose from the sequence by connecting an up-to-the-moment female sensibility to a tradition dating back 150 years. At once slapdash, silly, ardent, and perceptive, *Manifesta* represents an imaginative achievement within feminist writing, a charming and useful book.

Manifesta wants to give voice to a distinct generational sensibility and (the authors' hope) a plan that can revive a movement that, despite its origins in the youth culture of the 1960s, seems awash in old-time religion. The book describes an incipient "everyday feminism" that permeates the lives of young women but does not reach the level of explicit affiliation. Richards and Baumgardner argue that this limitation is partly due to the reluctance of twenty-something women to associate themselves with a movement that they see as dull, unfashionable, and irrelevant: many of feminism's biggest battles have been won, however provisionally (legal abortion), and those that remain (the Equal Rights Amendment) no longer seem compelling. But it also comes from the refusal of older feminists to give the young women's brand of politics—bohemian, light-hearted, idiosyncratic—enough credence.

Manifesta culminates with its own manifesto, and with appendices devoted to the nuts and bolts of voter registration and political organization, but the political plan of action is actually a minor strain of the book. What interests Baumgardner and Richards is the political psychology of feminism: its elaborate youthful expressions and the rifts that underlie its avowals of unity. Most of all, they are exercised by the face-offs between indignant mothers and acting-out daughters, each waving a flag of women's emancipation.

THE BOOK TAKES stock of a movement whose very successes seem to render it obsolete. Baumgardner and Richards, both turning thirty as they finish the book, speak for a generation for whom "feminism is like fluoride. We scarcely notice that we have it—it's simply in the water." The very ubiquity of feminism gives rise to a languorous detachment: "'I'm not a feminist, but...,'" the authors' friends protest. These are the girls who grew up benefiting from the great gains of the 1960s and 1970s: legalized abortion, access to contraception, laws prohibiting sexual discrimination in public facilities and on the job, the prying open of business and the professions to female aspirants, and the enforcement of equity in school and college sports. "Girls can do anything boys can!" someone, somewhere, urged them. In the 1950s and 1960s, their mothers played forlorn games of half-court basketball, school policy having deemed full-court games too strenuous; but in the 1970s and 1980s, the daughters played in competitive leagues, the best of them before college coaches scouting for prospects.

Baumgardner and Richards are on to a subject about which few feminist writers, ironically, have been able to write: the extraordinary expansion of choice and desire for girls and young women. True, the benefits have been unevenly diffused across regions and classes, and so have the results. In my wealthy suburb, parents, teachers, and coaches train the girls like prize fillies for college and careers, but an eleven-year-old still confides that when she says she wants to be an architect, people warn her that it is too hard. Elsewhere, one suspects, most girls are not led to the starting gate, and there are few thrilled onlookers to watch them prance.

Yet across the country you glimpse a species given to flashes of stunning composure, at once physical, sexual, and pro-

MANIFESTA:
YOUNG WOMEN, FEMINISM, AND THE FUTURE
by Jennifer Baumgardner and Amy Richards
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 416 pp., $15)

DEAR SISTERS:
DISPATCHES FROM THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT
edited by Rosalind Baxandall and Linda Gordon
(Basic Books, 368 pp., $30)

LIFE SO FAR
by Betty Friedan
(Simon & Schuster, 384 pp., $26)

NOT ONE OF THE BOYS
by Brenda Feigen
(Knopf, 352 pp., $26)

CHRISTINE STANSELL is the author of *American Moderns: Bohemian New York and the Creation of a New Century* (Henry Holt & Company).

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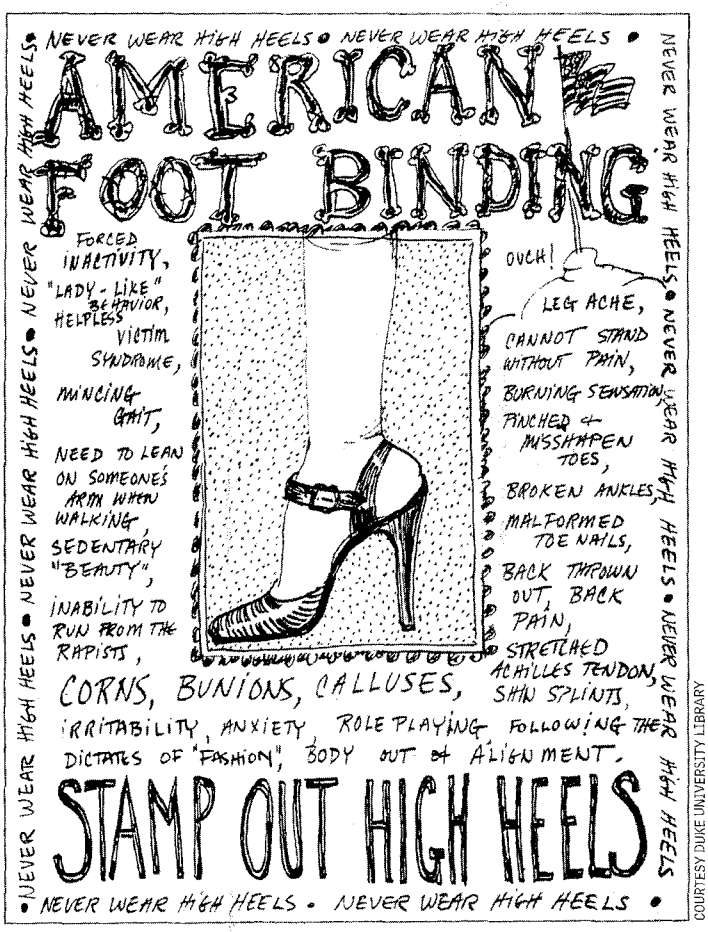
fessional: the tarted-up working woman swaggering down a city street, skirt hitched up, belly bare; the teenager in shorts and jersey shooting baskets, late in the evening, on an ill-lit court in a rough neighborhood; the horse wrangler bringing in a big herd at dawn on a Colorado ranch. Baumgardner and Richards situate themselves within this generational collectivity, sketching a gallery of East Coast friends who serve as its emblems: professionally successful, financially independent, sexually extravagant, and given to strenuous hobbies such as belly-dancing and martial arts. Far from being the self-seeking floozies that their elders believe them to be, they are tough practitioners of an "everyday feminism" which, if varied and individualistic, might also revive the women's movement.

Manifesta describes an early socialization in sexual equity that produced a playful attitude to conventional femininity *and* to feminist imperatives. The daughters whom Baumgardner and Richards celebrate were toughs on the athletic fields, but they also played with Barbie dolls, defying their mothers' distaste. As teenagers, they painted their nails and slathered on make-up and tottered around on the killer heels that older women despised. ("American Foot Binding: Stamp Out High Heels" exhorts a street poster of the 1970s, reprinted in Linda Gordon and Rosalind Baxandall's evocative collection of manifestos, ultimatums, poetry, and graphics from the early, high-flying days of radical feminism.) Over the last decade, the subversions coalesced in the cultural politics of "Girlie," a parodic, hyperbolic style of femininity which taps allegiances to female rockers, "chickclick" websites, *Wonder Woman* comics, the WNBA, and pin-up models—all in the name of women's freedom. "Girlie says we're not broken, and our desires aren't simply booby traps set by the patriarchy. Girlie encompasses the tabooed symbols of women's feminine enculturation—Barbie dolls, makeup, fashion magazines, high heels—and says doing so isn't shorthand for 'we've been duped.'"

For the middle-aged reader—for anyone past thirty, in fact—the book's descriptions of Girlie life will be an ethnographic expedition into exotic territory, like a quick, furtive turn around some college graduate's new studio apartment. The sophisticated may be able to identify a few emblems of female empowerment, such as the better-known movie stars and rockers; but the totemic qualities of *Dirty Plotte* comics or *Bust* magazine, treated at length, will be mysterious, as will the political significance of the Los Angeles journalist and author of *The Butt* who "shakes her own world when she dons a pair of tight jeans." You are bemused and ironic, the dubious onlooker squashed in the back of the Merry Pranksters bus, the wry, patronizing person you vowed you would never become.


NEVER WEAR HIGH HEELS • NEVER WEAR HIGH HEELS •
AMERICAN FOOT BINDING
FORCED INACTIVITY,
"LADY-LIKE" BEHAVIOR,
HELPLESS VICTIM SYNDROME,
MINCING GAIT,
NEED TO LEAN ON SOMEONE'S ARM WHEN WALKING,
SEDENTARY "BEAUTY",
INABILITY TO RUN FROM THE RAPISTS,
OUCH!
LEG ACHE,
CANNOT STAND WITHOUT PAIN,
BURNING SENSATION,
PINCHED & MISSHAPEN TOES,
BROKEN ANKLES,
MALFORMED TOE NAILS,
BACK THROWN OUT, BACK PAIN,
STRETCHED ACHILLES TENDON,
SHIN SPLINTS,
CORNS, BUNIONS, CALLUSES,
IRRITABILITY, ANXIETY, ROLE PLAYING, FOLLOWING THE DICTATES OF "FASHION", BODY OUT OF ALIGNMENT.
STAMP OUT HIGH HEELS
• NEVER WEAR HIGH HEELS • NEVER WEAR HIGH HEELS •
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Feminist poster, Houston, circa 1970

But Baumgardner and Richards escort you with such amiability and pride into their Big Tent of feminism that you cannot help but be drawn in. They never fall into the smug self-regard that has long been a trademark of the youth manifesto, circling up the wagons into a cozy generational encampment. Exuberant and generous, *Manifesta* seeks to explain and to popularize, rather than to separate sleek insiders from dowdy outsiders. The book tries to forge an open-minded, big-hearted relationship between the Girlies and the women, the daughters and the mothers, the doubters and the zealots. It wills into being a "we"—a feminist collectivity—from an end-of-the-century ragbag's collection of scraps: me-too, bohemia, punk, do-me, get-rich-quick, and some tag ends of American civic ideals.

This is very much a feminism of fin-de-siècle hip New York. The Girlies are "culture babes" in another guise, and the scenes of struggle are the magazines and the publishing houses that employ them. We meet them chatting about lovers, sexually transmitted diseases, and bisexuality at a dinner party that the authors give to talk about "how feminism invigorates our lives." It is a hotly politicized milieu—but in an odd way, with *Ms.* magazine as the old-line Second International and Gloria Steinem playing a version of the kindly Eugene Debs. Political clashes take the form of screaming matches at feminist literary readings, and the struggle over the means of production means fighting to place feature articles sympathetic to feminism. This focus on the media is reminiscent of Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* of 1963, which was primarily a polemic against the women's magazines rather than an analysis of the social position of women. But the outraged Friedan battered away at the towering unreasonableness of prejudice against women, while Baumgardner and Richards proceed from a happier sense of an infinitely malleable world.

The optimism has limits. Although *Manifesta* claims to speak for an entire generation, none of its subjects—who are largely writers—have undergone boot camp in the professions that historically have been more hostile to women: medicine, law, business, filmmaking. Indeed, they work in a city where the media, at all levels, has been softened up and modernized by feminist pressures, beginning with women journalists' class-action suits in the 1970s against some of the big magazines and newspapers. And few of Baumgardner and Richards's friends have yet enrolled in the hard school of marriage and motherhood.

Still, the prospects for settling down, with female lovers or with male husbands, seem promising. The shadowy, affable partners who do appear in the book seem to pick up their share of the housework without complaining, and the pleasant employers do not seem to be the kind who would scowl if a woman dashed home to care for a sick child. (Sick children, indeed, are in short supply in this world.)

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The perfidious man of 1960s feminism has all but vanished, receding into misty abstractions such as "corporate America" and "the patriarchy." Individual men—bosses, fathers, lovers, husbands—receive an astonishingly clean bill of health. "Most men certainly respect the women in their lives," Baumgardner and Richards serenely propose, bypassing a grievance central to feminist discourse since Mary Wollstonecraft.

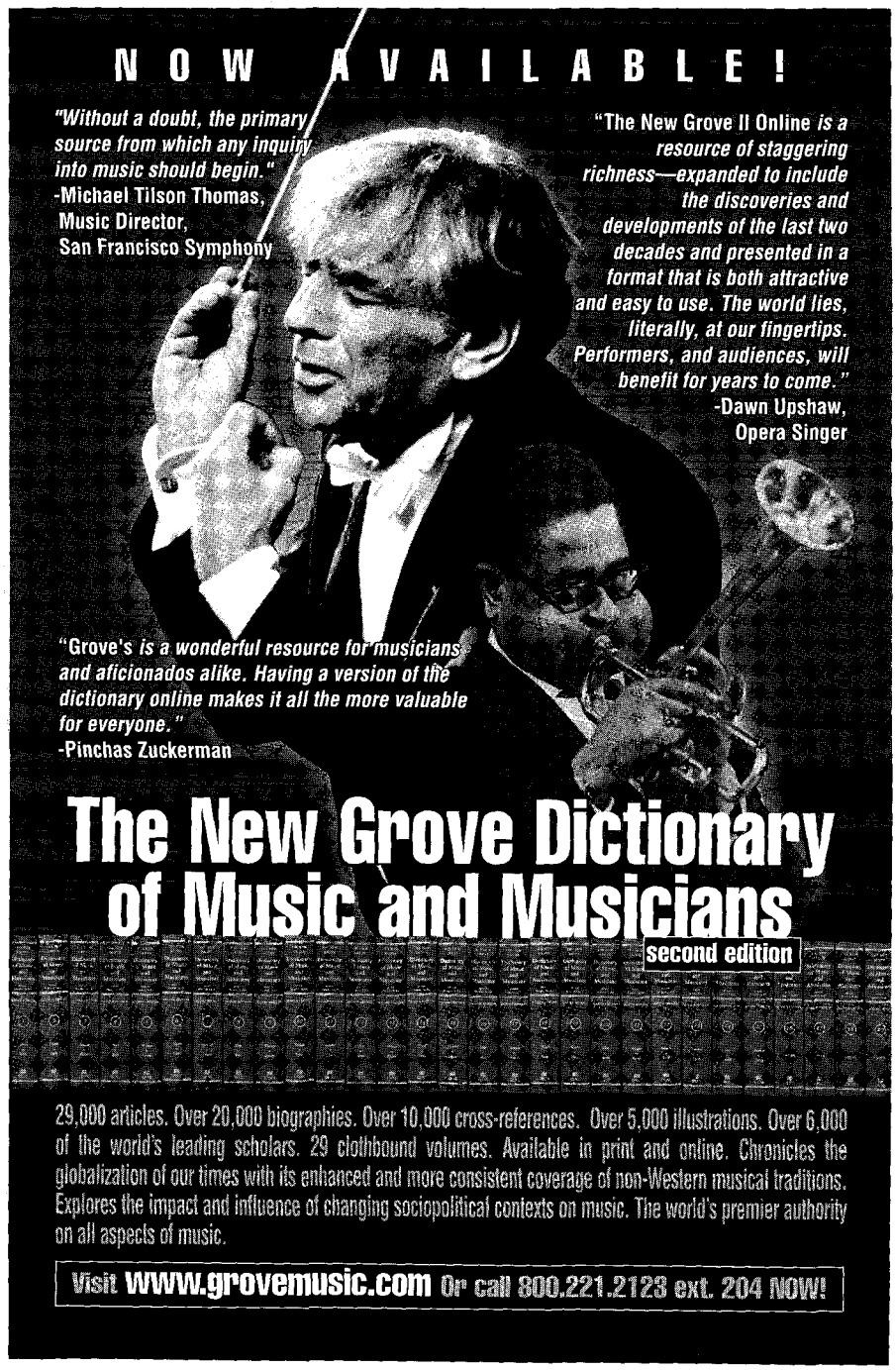
WHATEVER THE SOCIOLOGICAL constraints, though, the protagonists' cheerful confidence breaks with powerful conventions of representing the feminist protagonist, which is an achievement in itself. The paradigmatic heroine of the feminist plot, valiant and beleaguered—the foremother who fought against impossible odds—gives way in *Manifesta* to a new cast of screwball heroines, a little ditzy but endowed with indefatigable audaciousness and a Rosalind Russell-like ability to dismiss opposition with an imperious sniff. The dinner-party guests—whose combined experience is the touchstone of the book—unabashedly mull over sexual opportunity, sexual play, and sexual charm: "As with many feminist conversations we have witnessed, all threads eventually led back to food, sex, and hair." Solutions to sexism can literally be plucked from a handbag, as Richards does for friends and correspondents to her online feminist advice column, retrieving useful information from her oversized purse ("scraps of paper I rip out of magazines or newsletters and deliver to friends and colleagues daily; a coffee-stained computer printout with interesting prison statistics; and the business card of a woman I met in Cairo in 1994"). Work is pretty good. These young women are well paid and successful: they direct marketing campaigns, snag big advances for their books, and produce network news and talk shows. The portrait is encouraging.

But the same cannot be said of the politics. When Baumgardner and Richards do get down to the particulars of youthful feminism, they are either derivative or fuzzy. Their thirteen-point manifesto is actually reminiscent of liberal-left women's campaigns long in progress. A lovely declaration of intent prefaces the agenda, patterned on the sonorous prologue to the very first women's rights manifesto produced at Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848: "When in the course of thirty years of uninterrupted feminism . . . it becomes evident that a single generation can only go so far, it behooves the next generation to pick up the reins." But once the girlies pick up the reins, they continue down familiar roads.

Baumgardner and Richards's agenda reiterates the importance of defending reproductive rights and expanding access to abortion, contraception, and health care across class lines, ending the sexual double standard in health care and insurance policies, augmenting feminist teaching within the schools and universities, abolishing discrimination against women in the military, strengthening women's presence in electoral politics, and so forth. These are hardly new ideas; and the new ideas (freeing adolescents from harassment and listless teachers) are misty or ("practice 'autokeonony'") hippie-mystical.

The strength of *Manifesta* is really its effort to understand the suspicion between two generations that flows beneath the surface of this immensely hopeful moment, this sea-change in the lives of girls and women. The shrewdest sections of the book analyze the current feminist fascination with the plight of early adolescent girls as an expression of deeper tensions between the mothers and the twenty-somethings. Baumgardner and Richards trace the feminist-inflected history of a melodrama of endangered innocents that has developed in the last ten years, focussed not on the children of poverty, who are traditionally the object of social concern, but on the daughters of affluence.

The depiction of preteens and very young teenagers (nine to twelve seems to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be the favorite age group, since teenagers insist on going their own headstrong way) was popularized in 1994 by Mary Pipher's sensationalistic *Reviving Ophelia*, and given intellectual credence by the Harvard psychologist Carol Gilligan's mournful accounts of adolescents' "voicelessness," and perpetrated by a commercial boom in uplifting "healthy" books and magazines for girls (which parents gobbled up like chicken soup, Baumgardner and Richards wryly observe) filled with hortatory stories of exemplary girls' triumphs over peril. Stories of the dire plight of adolescent girls seep into the views of liberal educators and the studies of social scientists, and then into the popular press; the villains are sexist teachers, nasty boys, and (more perplexing) girls' own supposed "loss of self." Mothers fret about the ubiquity of eating disorders and (most recently) the news that twelve- and thirteen-year-olds are performing oral sex on boys. Take Our Daughters to Work Day, initially a mildmannered holiday to acquaint girls with vocational choices, has become in some places an occasion to exhort eleven- and twelve-year-olds to discuss, under adult supervision, how "girls' lives [would] be different if they could hold on to their true selves."

"Girls are being labeled victims of society," Baumgardner and Richards write, "by implication, passive dupes—whether or not they themselves feel this way." They suggest that the image comes from an unacknowledged desire of the older generation to hold onto power: the champions of the girls movement find it easier to recreate themselves as protectors of those too young to practice politics than to accept young women as their coequals. "The movement is not just led by adult women, in the tradition of Scout leaders ... it is, in many ways, for adult women." It is both a way to stretch out a generation's "shelf life," and "an excuse to overlook the young women who are making strides right beside them."

The interpretation is perceptive, but it is also superficial. The narrative of rescue, whereby older, wiser, politically prescient women come to the aid of those weaker than themselves, has a long lineage within feminism: female slaves, prostitutes, and ill-paid working women have all been cast in the victim's role by different generations of activists. It is a story that feminists have told and told and told. The forlorn girl-child, damaged by a patriarchal world's cruelty or negligence, can play a part in the tale; but the twenty-something screwball does not suit the role.

Of course adolescents need help, and girls experience particular sufferings that can be addressed and alleviated. The problem is that none of the spokeswomen ask how so many of these purportedly languishing girls come to be, within a short time, robust college students and then accomplished young working women. Watching young girls closely, you sometimes feel as if the ancient rites are suspended, the passing-on from one generation to the next of the talismans of resentment of what is and wistfulness for what might have been, the oblique lessons in the arts of pleasing and mollifying, the prohibitions on anger and boastfulness. For the moment, it seems as if the daughters will not need all of these lessons, as if we could call a halt to the mysteries; or so, reading the excited prose of *Manifesta*, you would think.

But this heady world in which the screwball heroines strut their stuff is a very small world. In actuality, ambitious women flourish in colleges and in entry-level jobs, and then get shut out as they enter their thirties, marry, and have children. The prognosis is chastening. Women head only a handful of Fortune 500 companies. Congress is overwhelmingly male, and at this pace it will take five hundred years before women achieve proportional representation. In most job categories, men still earn significantly more than women. While nearly fifty percent of mothers with small children work in full-time jobs outside the home, they function in workplaces where their responsibilities for children, if not kept firmly in check, relegate them to the slow track. Baumgardner and Richards would not deny these facts. What they do suggest is that the success of young single women has ramifications more profound than feminists are willing to concede.

II.

THE BLOCKAGE IN the women's movement that *Manifesta* describes—the old guard ignoring the young comers—is unwittingly borne out in memoirs by Betty Friedan and Brenda Feigen. Friedan, of course, has been an icon of the second wave of feminism since the publication of *The Feminine Mystique*. Feigen, a pioneering women's rights lawyer, was a leader of the National Organization for Women (NOW) in the early 1970s. Firmly in command of past and present, of personal travails and political fallout, these writers are living now amid the satisfactions of high middle age, and the better impulses to set the historical record straight mingle with the self-inflating desires to tell all, even when the "all" that is elevated to confessional significance is unexceptional.

Indeed, the feminist political memoir is becoming something of a genre—Susan Brownmiller and Robin Morgan, two other principals of the women's movement of the 1960s, have also delivered new books—and as a genre it is new. The women's movement of the nineteenth century produced a magisterial history, the six-volume *History of Woman Suffrage*, coedited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and other leaders, between 1881 and 1922, but only a single memoir of note, Stanton's adamantine *Eighty Years and More*, which appeared in 1898. Stanton wrote her story at the very end of a long life, fifty years of which had teemed with political activity and intellectual production. She had at her disposal a surfeit of material, a writer's craftiness, and a passion for ideas and politics unabated in old age.

At eighty years and more, Stanton still had a lot to say. Today, by contrast, American publishers are so avid for personal material that editors scour the field for worthy rememberers and create memoirists from people who really, all things considered, could more profitably have been doing something else. The commercial conviction that a protagonist's life must be interesting substitutes for a writer's internal drive to make sense of her life. Friedan and Feigen are, rightly, satisfied with themselves and proud of their achievements, but they have, in truth, little to say to young women such as Baumgardner and Richards.

The lack of urgency, of the need to set the record straight or to settle scores, comes in part from success. Unlike New Left memoirists, who tend to be glum and acrimonious, the feminists write from the heart of cheerful, bustling lives. At seventy-nine, Betty Friedan still heads her own amply funded institute on family and work issues for policymakers. Brenda Feigen cuts entertainment deals in Hollywood. Talk abounds of children's accomplishments; Friedan even trundles out her grandchildren. With varying degrees of ruefulness, the writers report on the failure of early marriages, but they go on to chronicle the rebirth of love: for Feigen, in a passionate attachment to a woman; for Friedan, in a series of satisfying affairs with men. The writing neither etches the lives on glass nor wrestles lucidity from the raw. One finishes each book sated with the recognition of how well it has all turned out.

Friedan has been notably successful at stamping herself upon popular American consciousness as the preeminent American feminist of the twentieth century, the smart Smith College graduate who, becalmed in the suburbs in the 1950s, unwittingly stumbled upon the big story—the "problem that had no name"—and sparked the rebirth of the struggle for

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women's rights. The appearance of *The Feminine Mystique* led to the formation of NOW, with its legions of members and fellow travelers, which carried on the battle through the 1960s under Friedan's leadership. The storyline, promulgated by Friedan herself for thirty years in her tub-thumping lecture tours, has a cause-and-effect simplicity that makes it a natural for history textbooks—which are eager, in any case, to be done quickly with the subject of feminism.

Friedan has never valued ambiguity or the complications of thought that come from truly engaging an opposition, and so her memoir recycles old material rather than revisits experience. The book seems in part a response to the historian Daniel Horowitz, who argued in his study of *The Feminine Mystique* that Friedan, far from being a suburban naïf when she began the book, was a left-wing fellow traveler well-versed in political journalism from her apprenticeship in the 1940s in the labor press. But Friedan no more likes anyone messing with her biography than she liked anyone else messing with NOW in the 1960s, and *Life So Far* irascibly reiterates virtually the same story that she has been telling about herself for years, with a little added detail.

Here is the brainy Jewish girl from Peoria thrilling to the high-minded milieu of Smith College in the early years of World War II. Although Friedan does not say so, Smith was a seedbed of left-liberal social science; and although its championship of female education was limited, ideologically, to preparing the girls to be educated wives and mothers, there were nonetheless undertones of resistance to the status quo in the strong ethos of social conscience that the professors inculcated. After graduation, Friedan went to Berkeley on a graduate fellowship in psychology—an eccentric and dubious choice for a woman in 1942—and then returned to New York as a journalist for a left-wing union newspaper. In 1947 she married and over the next decade had three babies, all the while keeping her career alive. Fired during her first pregnancy from the union newspaper, she turned to writing for women's magazines.

A Greenwich Village apartment gave way to a series of family-friendly residences at ever farther removes from the city; and as she shuttled back and forth between New York and Westchester—between her children and her assignments, her own strained life and the chipper images of the women's magazines—she stumbled upon the problem that had no name and wrote a book about it. Provoked by a Smith College survey of her class, she uncovered what Jane Addams, seventy-five years earlier, had called "the snare of preparation," the painful paradox of a system that sent middle-class women to college to train their minds and then sent them back home to moulder.

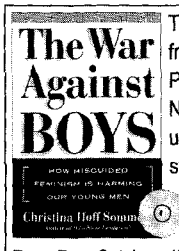
The paperback publisher recognized a bestseller in *The Feminine Mystique* and organized a marketing campaign around the problem-that-has-no-name slogan. "It changed my life," gushed readers. Friedan never specifies how, exactly, the book did change lives, but then she has never been interested so much in actual women. She is much more taken up with the zeitgeist that she believes she unleashed. In her abstract relation to women, in her view of the unitary mass that transformed itself through the direction of a prescient leader, there is perhaps more of the old left-wing fellow traveler than she would like to admit.

THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE was not a political book, in the sense that it proposed rights and remedies. It was, in 1963, almost impossible to imagine how the cultural questions raised by Friedan could be linked to politics as they were currently understood. "Woman" was an identity bleached of any political significance. Women were citizens, to be sure—though the historian Linda Kerber's fascinating account of the checkered history of that citizenship, *No Constitutional Right to Be Ladies*, shows, unbelievably, that they had only just been granted the right to serve on juries. But women were certainly not players in electoral politics. The woman's vote that the nineteenth-century suffragists believed would result from enfranchisement had not materialized when the Nineteenth Amendment passed in 1920; and after that everyone assumed that women simply voted along with male family members. So Friedan's book put the woman question, moribund for forty years, back into discussion.

It also introduced her to a group of aggravated Washington ladies, middle level bureaucrats with specific political ideas. Stalemated in their careers, these longtime officials had watched the decent, thoughtful recommendations of the Commission on the Status of Women, appointed by President Kennedy in 1961, peter out in incessant talk. Even the mild-mannered agitation around the Commission on the Status of Women, however, was enough to prompt a Southern senator to introduce a rider to the Civil Rights Bill in 1964—perhaps as a chivalric nod to the ladies, but probably as a joke—banning sex discrimination along with race discrimination in employment. Incredibly, there was now federal legislation—Title VII—on the books that made prejudicial hiring illegal.

Thousands of charges of sex discrimination—one-fourth of the total—flooded the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission set up to enforce the legislation, but the EEOC refused to act on the women's grievances. Although racially discriminatory want ads were now outlawed, the Commission decided to issue a waiver exempting men-only notices for jobs. The Washington underground had found its issue. In 1966, when the malcontents founded the National Organization for Women with Friedan as its president, the immediate goal was to bring the EEOC to heel. Quickly expanding its membership base, NOW became a group for savvy Washington insiders, determined working women, brilliant lawyers, and angry journalists. It revived proposals for publicly funded child care that had long lain dormant, it brought legal actions against sex-segregated bars and restaurants, and in 1967 it called for legalized abortion.

Life So Far is Friedan's great-woman rendition of this history. There is something soothing in the simplicity and the pacing of her account. Feminism over the next few years is a steady, Whiggish march of liberal achievement orchestrated by Friedan. She sees NOW's first years as feminism's good times, when a group of responsible militants, non-sectarian and sensible, tapped broad popular support and focused on attainable goals. No hotheads yet; no utopian visions; no embar-



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rassing quandaries. Yet the approach is barren of historical complexity; and it testifies to Friedan's profound lack of curiosity about the origins of the startling activity of the 1960s.

Thus Pauli Murray, for example, the gifted African American lawyer who first conceived of the assault on the EEOC, has only a walk-on part in Friedan's narrative. Gloria Steinem comes in for jabs for coloring her hair, but her mediating and mollifying role in keeping factions together goes unacknowledged. The civil rights movement is only a faint hum in the background, though in fact it provided NOW with its activating metaphors of prejudice and justice—along with many of its tactics. And thirty years has done nothing to help Friedan better understand the explosion of a vehement, kick-out-the-traces, radical feminism in 1969, when a cadre of young women commandeered TV viewers' attention at the Miss America pageant by tossing bras into a Freedom Trash Can.

Those were New Yorkers, with a shrewdness about sensational uses of the press and the pleasures of outraging convention—a sensibility utterly foreign to the respectable Washingtonians. The new terms of invective—Womanhood as we know it must go!—recast Friedan the brave militant as Friedan the tired liberal, feminism's counterpart to Hubert Humphrey. And the new feminists soon invaded the liberals' domain. At a NOW-sponsored conference, radicals engineered a vote to ban men, whose inclusion had always been a point of pride for NOW, and commandeered the stage for a hair-cutting ritual (to shear women of the trappings of heterosexual oppression) carried out by the Red Guard of Boston's fierce Cell 16. Lesbians, waving the flag of the Lavender Menace, heckled Friedan from the floor. Although three decades have modulated what was then her take-no-prisoners response, she is still adamant that lesbians should be seen and not heard within the women's movement.

She also insists that sex was a waste of time: "The women's movement was not about sex, but about equal opportunity in jobs and all the rest of it." Friedan's blind spot has always been sex. Not sex as an enlivening force in life: her fond celebration of love affairs with married men is one of the few fetching surprises in the memoir. But she scorns sex as a point of political action. She formulates her abhorrence of gay rights as a determination to keep feminism "mainstream," but her reactions—then and now—go deeper than political practicality, to a revulsion to the sexual politics which, it turned out, would tint feminism for the rest of the century, mainstream and all.

In *The Feminine Mystique,* Friedan described sex as the residue of an embarrassing femininity that can best be burned away by useful work. Sexual desire, freedom, expressiveness: all smacked of women's shameful dependencies, miasmic lusts, threatening to confirm the misogynistic images of the 1950s that she had tried to beat back, bloated Woman steaming in her own juices, ready to pounce on the handyman at the door. "Sexual politics was bad business," Friedan maintains. The imbroglio over gay rights ultimately led to Friedan's ouster from the NOW leadership.

Although she made a permanent place for herself within the sedate matronly wing of the women's movement, she would never again play a leading role at the center. That part fell to Steinem, a woman who, for all her intellectual blandness, had the fortitude and the shrewdness to listen to both the hotheads and the housewives, and to rework a New Left politics surging up from below into a liberal coalition that ultimately created a strong feminist presence within the Democratic Party. Friedan still pictures herself as flag bearer of the "mainstream," but her agenda of "jobs and all the rest" left out the sexual issues that over the rest of the century would galvanize first liberal support and then mainstream acceptance: an end to the punitive treatment of rape victims, policies to end sexual harassment, safe and effective contraception, and gay rights.

"I'm more relaxed about the whole issue now than I was then," Friedan observes, "but I knew, and I was right, that sexual politics was not the way to go for the movement." She gripes throughout her narrative of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Although the tone is more kvetching than recriminatory, there is a residue of bitterness in chapter titles such as "The Enemies Without and the Enemies Within" and "Triumph and Treachery Within the Sisterhood." And there is also a touch of malice, the animus of the self-appointed mother toward the ungrateful young who turned to her rival Steinem. It was not only the red-hot, karate-chopping Cell 16 types whom Friedan alienated; it was also the legions of young women just out of the universities who were crashing through the sex bars in the academy, medicine, and the law. "Very East Coast and hardly mainstream," Friedan judges these women.

III.

BRENDA FEIGEN WAS one of the interlopers. She is dismissed in *Life So Far* as an avatar of New York radical chic. So it comes as no surprise that Feigen's own book is an antidote to Friedan's self-involved history. The memoir begins with a riveting account of feminist fights at the elite law schools, a seedbed of 1960s valor. Feigen, a star Vassar graduate, marched off to Harvard in 1966, convinced that brains and hard work would see her through. "I had planned to have a traditional—and stellar—career." The legal profession at the time—like all the others—was legally open to women (an improvement over the nineteenth century, when the Supreme Court upheld *Bradwell v. Illinois,* which denied a woman the right to practice law). But the contempt for women was so extreme as to create a minefield into which few dared to wander.

A survey of twenty-five major law firms in 1967 showed not a single female partner; and, up to 1963, barely a dozen women had ever taught at any law school in the country. The system of segregation, if more genteel and cloaked than Jim Crow, was nonetheless as normalized, pervasive, and hurtful. Feigen's reiteration of the facts is mesmerizing. There were 32 women in Feigen's entering class of 565, but the faculty addressed the class as "gentlemen." A. James Casner, the property-law professor who was the model for the crusty teacher in *The Paper Chase,* refused to call on women in his class except on "Ladies Day," which he set aside to spar with female students. (Feigen's criminal law class spent "Ladies Day" discussing the question "how much penetration constitutes rape?") In a constitutional law class, the entire class, including the professor, burst out laughing when Feigen disagreed with the Supreme Court's reasoning upholding a Michigan statute which made it a crime for a woman to work as a barmaid, unless her father or her brother was the proprietor of the bar and present while she was working.

We do not yet have a full history of this first wave of gender integration of the professional schools and the historically male universities. Veterans of medical schools, seminaries, graduate schools, and Princeton and Yale Colleges (which admitted women in 1969, after several centuries of exclusion) all have similar stories of pluck and humiliation, worn smooth in the retelling. In Feigen's writing, indignation grown dim with time flares up in images of her "wildly beating heart" when she dared speak up in class, the snickering male classmates who turned to look up the women's skirts as they entered the law school amphitheaters, and the cavalier refusal of the big law firms to interview women.

The brutal treatment of well-placed, well-heeled, and brilliant women was so extreme that, once women's liberation burst into public consciousness, a surge of daring overwhelmed the discipline of the

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good student and the nice girl. By 1968, when Feigen began openly to complain about Harvard's segregated eating clubs and facilities, the orderly feminism that Friedan espoused was irrelevant. The sources of contempt for women's possibilities and talents no longer seemed vague and mysterious: it was no longer "the problem that had no name." The problem did have a name—indeed, a full-blown identity: it was Professor Casner, or the irate male caretaker who shooed women from the squash courts as if they carried a communicable disease, or the male classmate leering up from his seat in the law school amphitheater.

Unfortunately, most of Feigen's memoir devolves into an I-was-there story. She was legislative vice president of NOW in the early 1970s, directing the ultimately unsuccessful campaign for the Equal Rights Amendment. She became a feminist celebrity on the talk show circuit, known for her association with Steinem and for her participation in a marriage in which both partners publicly extolled the merits of egalitarian conjugality. She formed a law partnership with her husband Marc Fasteau and eventually moved into entertainment law. She braved the massive hostility of Hollywood—which comes off in this book as the Birmingham, Alabama, of sexism—toward feisty women by trying to produce a movie. When she delves into more idionsyncratic material—the birth of her daughter, the breakup of her marriage, her shift to entertainment law and the movie business—she lends it significance by aligning personal matters with sociological forces: the travails of motherhood, the fault lines in the best-conceived marriages, sexism in the entertainment industry.

The exception is Feigen's account of her stint at the ACLU Women's Rights Project, which she joined in 1972 as co-director with Ruth Bader Ginsburg. In the early 1970s, feminist lawyers were creating a whirlwind of litigation that would result in an extraordinary transformation in the law. The Women's Rights Project was at the center. Out of the welter of cases and causes that passed through the office came *Frontiero v. Richardson*, a discimination suit filed by Sharon Frontiero, a married Air Force officer living on a base who had discovered she could not claim the benefits for her husband to which Air Force wives were automatically entitled. The Supreme Court had accepted the case for review, but the justices had been reluctant to subject sex discrimination to the same strict scrutiny as race discrimination. The plaintiff's lawyer, an expert in race discrimination, wanted to argue the case himself, but Feigen and Ginsburg persuaded him to let them file an *amicus* brief.

Feigen's writing lifts with the thrill of working with Ginsburg in what started out as an important but workaday moment, and ended up in an extraordinary triumph. In a sense, this is a vindication of the story of Harvard in the 1960s: brilliance once suppressed bursts forth in a performance in which all the capabilities of the moment are compressed. Marc Fasteau had joined the two women; the three worked together on an "excellent" brief which, revised and edited and augmented by Ginsburg, turned into a "stunning" brief. Ginsburg took on the entire history of legal injustice to women: centuries of rusty British precedents, the Supreme Court's smug Victorian language in *Bradwell* justifying why Myra Bradwell could not be admitted to the bar, the ignominious barmaid statute that had infuriated Feigen in law school. Ginsburg dived into the Seneca Falls Convention of 1848 and swooped past the early 1960s, reminding the justices of the findings of the presidential commission of 1963. Even the plaintiff's lawyer recognized that he was in the presence of something big and he ceded some of his time to Ginsburg, who delivered an oral argument before the Court that Feigen thought was probably the best the Justices had ever heard. The verdict was an 8-1 decision for

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the plaintiff, a landmark in subjecting sexual discrimination to strict scrutiny. And a few weeks after *Frontiero v. Richardson* came the decision in *Roe v. Wade*.

This world seems as remote as antiquity, placed up against the milieu where *Manifesta*'s well-paid girlies debate whether or not it is a feminist act to paint your fingernails at work. Yet it is important to eschew the temptation to strike a note of elegiac retrospection. Saluting the magnificent past is always, at some level, like taking a stiff drink of self-importance; it banishes the uncertainties of the moment. It is those uncertainties, those unresolved dilemmas, that the daughters evoke—which is why they, with their manifestas and their own studied poses of knowingness, can be at once irritating and challenging. Unfurling over time, feminism has always been a saga of unlikely heroism, and it must always stretch the imagination to encompass new protagonists. There is a dialectic, not a devolution, that connects brilliant rebels and screwball daughters. ■

Rudolph Giuliani's means and ends.

Cruel to Be Kind

By MICHAEL GRUNWALD

I.

RUDOLPH WILLIAM LOUIS Giuliani is not the most likable man in America. He is a divider, not a uniter. He demonizes anyone who disagrees with him as "idiotic" or "crazy" or "silly" or "dangerous" or "jerky" (and quite often as "very, very idiotic," or "very, very jerky"). He is a beady-eyed bully, a ruthless egomaniac, a world-class control freak. He informed the media that he was separating from his wife before he informed his wife. He ousted his star police commissioner for getting too much good publicity. He ran two supposedly independent school chancellors out of town for daring to question his absolute authority. He refused to meet with his city's black elected officials for years. He crusaded against cab drivers, Legal Aid lawyers, bike messengers, hot-dog vendors, street artists, community gardeners. He even trashed non-partisan watchdogs such as the Citizens Budget Commission ("absurd," "off the wall," "very, very, unhelpful"), the Independent Budget Office ("the stupidest thinking you can possibly imagine"), and the state Financial Control Board ("totally *hypocritical*").

That said, Rudy Giuliani may be the most successful mayor in America. He launched a zero-tolerance assault on lawlessness, targeting public urinators and turnstile jumpers as well as killers and traffickers, helping to transform New York City from a scary and anarchic war zone into one of the nation's safest cities. Homicides have plunged by two-thirds, the overall crime rate is at its lowest level in decades, and tourism is at an all-time high. Giuliani also helped to rescue the city from the brink of fiscal disaster, demanding concessions from powerful municipal unions, slashing and privatizing bloated agencies, plowing ahead with unpopular crackdowns on welfare fraud and welfare sloth. And thanks in part—though arguably a small part—to his anti-tax and pro-business attitudes, New York has belatedly joined America's economic party. Everyone knows about the resurrection of Times Square and the explosion of Silicon Alley, but Harlem is also enjoying a second renaissance, the outer boroughs are producing even more new jobs than Manhattan, and the real estate market is booming citywide.

Lately, though, things have gone a bit awry for Giuliani. He sneered and scowled his way through some high-profile cases of police brutality, taking his usual defend-the-cops rhetoric to ludicrous extremes. Then he started flaunting an odd adulterous affair, prompting more psycho-mayor suspicions. Finally he ditched his Senate race against Hillary Rodham Clinton—he was diagnosed with prostate cancer, but he hadn't been too hot to run in the first place; and this seemed to reduce his stature even more. In his lame-duck year as mayor, Giuliani is still raging against traffic scofflaws, recalcitrant unionists, and creeps who don't curb their dogs, and he is still vowing to abolish the city's ancient Board of Education; but it somehow sounds like background noise.

So now the inevitable revisionism is setting in. Giuliani is still known as the ferocious strongman who tamed ungovernable Gotham, but the new conventional wisdom is focusing more on the ferocity than the taming, more on the lost opportunities of his dictatorial approach than the impressive achievements of his iron-fisted administration. The furor over his egg-breaking is threatening to obscure the legacy of his omelet-making.

But it *is* an important legacy, a remarkable case study in slash-and-burn political leadership. Now the battle to explain the apparent chasm between Giuliani's personality and performance has begun, and there are several possible explanations. Perhaps Giuliani is not really such a good mayor, just a despicable rooster claiming credit for the sunrise. This is the central argument of Wayne Barrett's long-winded biographical diatribe: "Rudy the Mayor could be no better than Rudy the Man." It has a nice ring, but it is dead wrong. Or perhaps Giuliani is not really a bad guy, just misunderstood. This argument will have to wait for the mayor's memoirs. The evidence to support it certainly was not available at press time.

Or perhaps, as the emerging wisdom has it, Giuliani is a tragic figure, an effective administrator whose personal flaws have kept him from greatness, a strong leader whose accomplishments have been overshadowed by his passion for confrontation and his political Manichaeanism. The late Kevin McAuliffe made this case in the foreword to his snarky compilation, *Sayings of Generalissimo Giuliani*, impudently packaged as a Mao-style little red book: "This book is about a tragedy. It is about what we have given up, as a people and as a city, to get what we have today. And it is about what could have

MICHAEL GRUNWALD is a national reporter for *The Washington Post* currently based in New York.

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been." Former mayor Ed Koch, in a collection of hilariously self-aggrandizing but occasionally intelligent newspaper columns titled *Nasty Man*, also paints Giuliani as a "superb administrator" done in by hubris: "Unfortunately, Rudy is what he is and cannot change. Heraclitus said: A man's character is his fate."

But there is another possible explanation of Giulianism, an explanation that Heraclitus might not have liked. It is the opposite of the popular notion that Giuliani could have achieved greatness if only he had been less vicious, less intimidating, less paranoid, more of a people person. Perhaps Giuliani has achieved greatness precisely because he is such a jerk. In his engaging and evenhanded account of Giuliani's political career, Andrew Kirtzman seems at times to subscribe to the oh-what-could-have-been theory of the mayor, but he suggests its flip side as well. "His flaws were key to his successes. Through force of personality and through a deliberate effort to centralize all power in his office, he intimidated the reigning powers of New York. No one wasn't afraid of Rudy Giuliani."

Sure, it can be painful to watch Giuliani spew venom as he defends the indefensible. It can be infuriating to hear him dismiss serious critics as insidious dolts unworthy of the air they breathe. But maybe it took that kind of in-your-face guy, a No More Mr. Nice guy, to whip the naked city into shape, to suppress its knee-jerk liberalism, to raise the expectations of a defeatist populace accustomed to fear and filth and aggressive panhandlers. Mayor David Dinkins, after all, was a very, very nice guy. Unfortunately New York went to hell on his watch. Giuliani, by contrast, is the municipal version of *il principe*, preferring to be feared rather than loved.

I first saw Giuliani in action on December 31, 1998, at his annual briefing on his administration's accomplishments. The very first question was whether he had made New York "leaner and meaner." This was his merry response: "That's an insulting question. Happy New Year. That's been a perception from the very beginning. It's something that you keep writing and I don't really give a darn. I'm doing my job as well as I can do it. I think I'm taking New York City into the next century in much better shape than I found it. If people like my personality, thank you. If you don't, I really don't care." And he really doesn't. In this golden age of pandering, Giuliani is the politician who declared war on jaywalkers—an interest group that includes every ambulatory inhabitant of his city. In this regard, he is the admirable antithesis of Bill Clinton: a politician with no inclination to feel your pain, with no need for your love.

Wayne Barrett, a dogged investigative reporter for *The Village Voice*, has written the fattest of the four Giuliani books. It is an amazingly well-researched exposé of Giuliani's entire life, from his Brooklyn and Long Island childhood to his career as a federal prosecutor to the political machinations of his mayoralty. Barrett's book has some sensational revelations about the mayor's Mafia relatives, and it is full of new dirt about his extramarital antics, his junkie cousin, and his penchant for dirty tricks. It is also, unfortunately, a horribly written paleo-liberal screed, full of vaporous pronouncements that sound like Wide World of Sports voiceovers: "Boldness was his birthright, destiny his dream." Or: "From November 2, 1993, on, history was his only companion, greatness his only goal." Barrett apparently dumped twenty years of reporting notes into this tome, from Giuliani's freshman grades (four A's, three B's, and a C in Art in the Ancient Orient and Greece) to his uncle's fire department salary ($22,051). The blizzard of such details in his book proves only that the fruits of a reporter's obsession are sometimes pointless.

This tendentious and unpleasant book also reads like the revenge of a jilted lover, which is no coincidence. Giuliani was the hero and primary source for Barrett's first book, a chronicle of corruption in the Koch administration. Barrett now writes: "I identified with Rudy in so many ways in the '80s. He is only a year older than I am ... we are both products of 16 years of Catholic school ... we shared a strong sense of good and evil." Back then, of course, Barrett believed that Giuliani personified Good. Now he evidently personifies Evil. Suffice it to say that Barrett's subject is not the only half of this reporter-source psychodrama who grinds a nuanced world into black and white.

Barrett does lay out a damning case against "Rudy the Man." Kirtzman's fairer book at least points out that Giuliani can be kind to fierce loyalists as long as they remain fiercely loyal; but Barrett simply chronicles a Javert-style litany of sins in Harlequin-style prose. To wit: Giuliani dodged the draft with help from an early boss, Judge Lloyd McMahon, a "curmudgeonly courtroom colossus." Giuliani exaggerated his legal role in the turnaround of a Kentucky coal company, as well as his role initiating the "Commission" case that ravaged the New York Mafia. When President Reagan nominated Giuliani to be associate attorney general, he apparently withheld information about his criminal relatives from the FBI. At the Justice Department, Giuliani helped to scuttle a bribery prosecution of McDonnell Douglas after a shady meet-

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ing with company officials. He was the point man for Reagan's see-no-evil Haiti policy, and testified under oath that there was no repression in Baby Doc Duvalier's regime. He got his first marriage annulled by claiming—oops!—that he hadn't realized that his wife was his second cousin. He had an investigator try to dig up evidence that Koch was gay. His campaign tried to peddle Dinkins's kinky extramarital love letters to reporters. He has flip-flopped on abortion, welfare reform, school vouchers, and homeless shelters. For all his self-righteous bluster, he often expresses the courage of his lack of convictions.

AND THEN THERE is race. It is the prism through which Barrett sees the whole Giuliani era, as well as Giuliani himself. "All his life he'd occupied a milky universe" of white neighborhoods, white Catholic schools, and white law firms. As a boy in Brooklyn, he rooted for the all-white Yankees instead of Jackie Robinson's Dodgers. His father moved whenever blacks moved nearby. His first wife left him for a black man. "He never lived, like so many white New Yorkers, on a block alive with human diversity—preferring Woodside in Queens, West End Avenue and the homogenous East 80s." (Shame on him!) And, according to Barrett, the race card dominated his political races. In his unsuccessful mayoral campaign in 1989, he ran an advertisement in the Yiddish press linking Dinkins to Jesse Jackson—"a naked appeal to Jews.... The dishonesty of it was transparent." (Why? Dinkins had just endorsed Jackson for president. And Jackson had practically hijacked Dinkins's primary victory party.). As for 1993, well, to quote Barrett's inimitable prose: "The 1993 ballot might as well have been black. Race was the rationale for the campaign, the door-opener. And Rudy ran through it so fast all the city saw was a white blur." In his re-election campaign in 1997, he nefariously linked his white Manhattan liberal Democratic opponent, Ruth Messinger, to her black Manhattan liberal Democratic supporter Dinkins. And in his fledgling Senate campaign, he attacked Hillary for sucking up to Al Sharpton, the racial arsonist described by Barrett, ahem, as "the portly prince of provocation."

So what was the result of this white blurism? Mayor Giuliani slashed the city's welfare rolls to their lowest levels since the Great Society, cut subsidies to its troubled public hospitals, and attacked open admission policies at the once proud City University of New York—policy decisions that Barrett views as indefensible assaults on minorities. He also refused to set racial hiring quotas in his administration and abandoned several set-aside programs. Barrett huffs that Giuliani is so insensitive to people of color that when asked to defend his administration's record on minorities, he once replied: "They're alive, how about we start with that?"

I guess I'm insensitive too, because that sounds like a pretty good argument to me. After all, the metropolitan killing fields under Dinkins were minority killing fields. Giuliani's newly aggressive police, using quality-of-life sweeps and stop-and-frisks as well as innovative computer tracking of crime data, have taken back the streets in Bedford-Stuyvesant and Brownsville as well as Woodside and West End Avenue. The mayor deserves criticism for blowing off minority leaders and entire minority neighborhoods, and he was lucky to take office as the crack epidemic was ending; but his policies have undoubtedly saved minority lives. And while Giuliani was needlessly hostile after the horrific police killings of Amadou Diallo and Patrick Dorismond, his main point in both cases was right: cops in New York have become more restrained on his watch, and far more restrained than cops in other cities. They shot 41 civilians to death in 1990, and only 19 in 1998. Incredibly, Barrett argues that since police killings did not drop even more while crime was plummeting, "it was as if the only guy firing away at the OK Corral was Wyatt Earp." This is as wacky as his suggestion that welfare reform equals racism, that the workfare recipients cleaning up New York are "the nation's last conscripted army." (Barrett even attacks Giuliani for misspelling Dorismond's name in a letter. Sorry to quibble, but I know only two of the prosecutors mentioned in this book, Michael Bromwich and William F. Weld, and Barrett botches both of their names. He also calls George Pataki's hometown Peeksville, when it is Peekskill, which denotes precisely the opposite view about peeking.)

It is true that Giuliani does not seem comfortable around blacks, and that he barely even pretends to solicit their support. And he is certainly a racial opportunist. Still, race was by no means the entire rationale for Giuliani's campaign in 1993. The rationale was that New York was in chaos. Welfare rolls were at their highest levels since the Depression. Dinkins had raised taxes by $1 billion—and still faced a $2 billion deficit. As Koch points out, even the Off-Track Betting Corporation was losing money, "defying heretofore universal mathematical certainties." Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan had announced that the city was "defining deviancy down." *Time* magazine called it "The Rotting Apple." A Times Square newsflash on an episode of "The Simpsons" blared: "Crime Up 8 Million Percent." And while the black-on-Jew race riot in Crown Heights did become a major campaign issue, it was perfectly legitimate for Giuliani to criticize Dinkins's appalling lack of leadership in that ugly crisis. In fact, the political figure who most blatantly injected race into that campaign was President Clinton, who swooped into town shortly before Election Day to bemoan the fact that whites still have difficulty voting for blacks.

For all his hostility to black leaders, Giuliani's job approval rating among black residents was an astounding fifty-seven percent before the Diallo debacle. He was always even more popular among Latinos. The point is that, by any honest accounting, Rudy the Mayor has been far better than Rudy the Man. He drove the wiseguys out of Fulton Fish Market and Little Italy's annual Feast of San Gennaro. Subway ridership is skyrocketing, adoptions are at a record high, corporations are racing back to the city, and the Lower East Side is overrun with yuppie condos. A City Hall reporter recently told me he hates covering the Giuliani administration because its agencies are so well managed. When Giuliani first proposed a zero-tolerance approach to quality-of-life crimes, the Dinkins campaign attacked it as "arrestonomics," but now almost everyone agrees that it worked wonders. (Even Barrett admits in a stunning on-the-other-hand paragraph that the Giuliani administration has helped make the streets "dramatically cleaner and safer," relieve tax burdens, spur economic growth, reduce welfare fraud, and extend domestic partner benefits to gay city workers.)

Giuliani is not solely responsible for New York's rebirth, though he certainly thinks he is. (A few years ago *New York* magazine slapped billboards on buses touting itself as "Possibly the Only Good Thing in New York Rudy Hasn't Taken Credit For." Rudy sued, naturally.) It is true that Dinkins sealed the deal that led to the revitalization of Times Square, that Dinkins launched the initial campaign to beef up the city's police force, that Koch made the subways graffiti-free. Mayors always get too much credit or too much blame for the demographic and macroeconomic forces shaping their cities—especially in New York, where the Wall Street returns can balance or unbalance the municipal budget—and Giuliani was fortunate to take office when crime and unemployment were dropping nationwide. He has a fair amount in common with Steven Goldsmith of Indianapolis, Jon Norquist of Milwaukee, Richard Riordan of Los Angeles, and Richard Daley of Chicago—all good mayors who have been hailed as Supermayors.

But New York's revival has far out-

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You deserve a factual look at...

The Arabs of Israel

Are they a "persecuted minority?"

The world is once again confronted with violence in Israel and its administered territories. On the pretext of one of Israel's ministers visiting the Temple Mount, the Palestinians erupted in bloody rioting, which has not yet ended and in which hundreds so far have died. Most distressing, Israeli Arabs, citizens of the country, have joined in the rioting and have suffered and caused many casualties.

What are the facts?

Israel is a Democratic Country. Israel is an open, pluralistic, and egalitarian society. Different religions, cultures, and social traditions co-exist. Protection of such diversity is embedded in Israel's traditions and confirmed by the government. About 20% of the population (over one million people) are non-Jews, most of them Arabs, and some Druze. Like all other Israeli citizens, they have full rights to vote and to hold elective office. Both Arabs and Druze hold seats in the Knesset, the Israeli parliament. Every Knesset, since the founding of the State in 1948, has had Arab and Druze members. All transactions in the Knesset are simultaneously translated into Arabic, and Arab members may address the Knesset in Arabic.

> "Contrary to propaganda...the Arabs in Israel enjoy every civil right and have the same status under law as Jewish Israelis"

It is official policy of the Israeli government to foster the language, culture, and traditions of the Arab minority, in the educational system and in daily life. Arabic is an official language in Israel, together with Hebrew. Israel's Arabic press is the most vibrant and independent of any country in the region. There are more than 20 Arabic periodicals. They publish what they please, subject only to the same military censorship as Jewish publications. There are daily TV and radio programs in Arabic. Arabic is taught in Jewish secondary schools. Israeli universities are renowned centers of learning in the history and literature of the Arab Middle East.

Education and literacy of the Arab population in Israel is as high as and probably higher than in any Arab country. The literacy rate among Israeli Arabs is 95%, virtually the same as for Israeli Jews. There are close to 1,000 Arab educational institutions in Israel, with about 300,000 students—just about 25 times as many as in 1948, when the State of Israel was created, Ninety percent of Arab children attend school, probably the highest ratio of any Arab population anywhere. Israeli universities and technical institutions are freely available to the Arabs. About 5,000 Arab students attend such schools.

Israeli Arabs Enjoy Full Equality in Law and in Fact. All religious communities in Israel enjoy the full protection of the State. Israeli Arabs—Moslems, as well as many Christian denominations—are free to exercise their faiths, to observe their own weekly day of rest and holidays, and to administer their own internal affairs. Each community has its own religious councils and courts, and has full jurisdiction over religious affairs, including matters of personal status, such as marriage and divorce. The holy sites of all religions are administered by their own authorities and protected by the government.

In contrast to the non-Israeli Arab world, Arab women in Israel enjoy the same status as men. Israeli law grants women equal rights, including the right to vote and to be elected to public office, prohibits polygamy, child marriage, and the barbarity of female sexual mutilation. It has thus vastly changed the status of women, to far above that of any country in the region. Israeli health standards are by far the highest in the Middle East. Israeli health institutions are freely open to all Arabs, on the same basis as they are to Jews.

There is, however, one difference between the "rights" of Arabs and Jews in Israel. Israeli and Druze men are required to do three years of military service and then serve one month every year until they are 50. Arabs are exempted from military duty and are not required to perform any compensating civilian service. Since the surrounding Arab states are the avowed enemies of Israel and dedicated to its destruction (there is "peace" with Egypt and Jordan), this exemption is granted by the Israeli government to its Arab citizens, so as to spare them conflicts of loyalty and conscience.

Contrary to propaganda and to what many believe, the Arabs in Israel are full-fledged citizens, enjoy every civil right, have the same status in law as Jewish Israelis, and can freely move all over the country without fear of being harassed, attacked, or killed. In summary, they enjoy the highest standards of living and liberty of any Arabs in the Middle East. In a recent poll, 70% of Israel's Arabs declared that they identified with and felt loyalty to the Palestinians, and not to the state of Israel. Significantly, however, the same percentage (70%) declared that they would much prefer to live in Israel than in any other country in the area. It is instructive and sobering to compare the condition of the approximately one million Arabs in Israel with that of the pitiful remnants of Jewry in Arab countries. Jews have been living in Arab countries for almost 2,000 years. Under Arab dominance, they were always third-class citizens and subject to harassment and persecution. There were about 900,000 Jews in Arab countries in 1946—now there are fewer than 25,000. But there are now over one million Arabs in Israel, many more than after the exodus in 1948 – a manifold increase. That alone would seem to prove that things can't be all that bad for Arabs in Israel.

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paced the rest of the nation's. At one point in mid-1995, the city was responsible for two-thirds of America's overall crime reduction. And Giuliani has set the tone. At a time when New York was widely perceived as a lost cause, when more than half its residents were telling pollsters they wanted out, Giuliani declared in his first inaugural address that the era of fear was over, that the rule of law was back, that the skeptics should shut up and get out of his way. "It should be so and it will be so," he announced. Then he seized every shred of power available to a mayor, and more. Now it is so.

II.

ANDREW KIRTZMAN HELPS to explain how Giuliani helped to make it so: "This is the story of a defiant man whose strength, resolve and vision helped bring a city back from a state of bedlam. It's an account of how a person with no experience in municipal government outsmarted its political leaders, union chiefs and media lords." *Emperor of the City* is no exercise in hagiography. It details how, after promising a purely merit-based administration, Giuliani put a 23-year-old family friend with no college degree in charge of patronage, and fired one official who dared to oust a hack whom the "Yesrudys" had stashed in her agency. It chronicles how Giuliani ousted his gifted police commissioner Bill Bratton because he was becoming a national media star, and how he bullied schools chancellors Ramon Cortines and Rudy Crew into quitting because they would not grant him full control. "It is also a story about one of the most polarizing political figures since Richard Nixon," Kirtzman writes.

Still, it is clear Kirtzman believes that the most important thing about Giuliani is not that he is a nasty man, or that he stepped out on his wives, but that he became draconian with New York when New York needed an archon like Draco. The cover of his book portrays the mayor wielding a broom, and the book recounts how Giuliani literally began cleaning up City Hall as soon as he arrived: "The new team was appalled at the conditions they found. Desks were jammed together. Boxes were piled on top of one another. From the perspective of people more accustomed to corporate life than municipal government, the Democrats had left behind a mess. An instant face-lift was ordered." The battle against the past was officially joined.

In his first month as mayor, Giuliani went to war with Sharpton, who was inflaming race relations after a brawl between cops and Nation of Islam security guards at a Harlem mosque. The mayor sent an instant message that he would always give police the benefit of the doubt in controversies, a tactic about which reasonable people can disagree but which certainly encouraged officers to venture out of their doughnut shops after years of lousy morale. Giuliani also made it clear that he would never be intimidated or mau-maued by the portly prince with the pompadour who had paralyzed his predecessors. "We have spent way more time on Reverend Sharpton than it's really worth," he declared.

In his second month, Giuliani began fighting over the budget, demanding $1 billion in cuts and impolitely pointing out that you cannot have a city in which everyone works for the city. He proposed bouncing 15,000 employees off the payroll, merging the housing police and the transit police into the NYPD, and fingerprinting welfare recipients. The liberal establishment went bonkers. Bureaucrats predicted doomsday. The city council's Black and Hispanic Caucus released its non-negotiable demands. But Giuliani refused to budge, lashing out at critics as irresponsible whiners and fools and negotiating only with council president Peter Vallone, a conservative Democrat from Queens. "Each day brought a new assault on the people he branded as the protectors of the status quo," Kirtzman recounts. Ultimately he got his way on almost everything.

And so it has gone. The mayor has governed in a constant state of war against a dizzying array of targets: Khalid Muhammad, John Rocker, Yasir Arafat, the Grammys, the Brooklyn Museum, the United Nations, campaign finance officials, school board members, immigrant bashers, cop bashers, left-wing Democrats, right-wing Republicans, vagrants, sex shops, Methadone clinics, car alarms, horn honkers. This was the Generalissimo's response when a caller to his radio show complained about a ban on keeping ferrets as pets: "There is something deranged about you know you feel insulted by that, but I am being honest with you. This excessive concern with little weasels is a sickness." So is the excessive concern with the excessive concern.

This obsessive-compulsive hostility to just about everyone in his city is now utterly predictable, and at the heart of most of the strictures against Giuliani. "Leadership based on fear breeds resentment," Koch warned in a column. "Other cities across America seem to have staged comebacks too, but without the rancor, the raw belligerence and the intimidation factor that have increasingly typified the governing style of Rudy Giuliani," Kevin McAuliffe wrote in his foreword. "New York is a city today that is ruled by tyranny, and temper tantrums. It is a city in which gratuitous malice has been injected into the political process." But is it really so gratuitous? Does it really matter if leadership based on fear breeds resentment, if it also breeds a functioning civil society? Are the critics really sure that New York could have had the one without the other?

EVEN KIRTZMAN, WHILE acknowledging that "it is hard to overstate the degree to which the culture of the city changed under his mayoralty," spies a dark side in all this:

> The parks sport surveillance cameras, and are closed to the public at midnight. Many nightclubs have been busted over and over and finally shuttered. City Hall is an armed camp, closed to office workers who used to stroll past the center of government at lunchtime. Motorists caught driving drunk forfeit their cars. Times Square is back, but it is disdained by New Yorkers as a tourist trap. The homeless have largely vanished from sight, but soup kitchens are overflowing. The city has sacrificed some of its anarchic spirit—and some of its heart—for the order Giuliani imposed.

But wait a minute. Aside from the overflowing soup kitchens—which is a nationwide urban problem, albeit one that Giuliani has not addressed adequately—what's wrong with anything on Kirtzman's lugubrious list? Who needs a park after midnight? Why should drunk drivers keep their cars? For all the old hipster nostalgia for hooker-infested Times Square, isn't urban blight supposed to be a bad thing? As for ye olde "anarchic spirit," to the extent that it means all-night parties and irreverent attitudes, New York still has it; and to the extent that it means muggings in broad daylight, most of us will gladly take the order that Giuliani imposed.

The perpetual wartime footing did singe Giuliani last year after Amadou Diallo reached for a wallet in front of four cops from the Street Crimes Unit—motto: "We Own the Night"—who promptly dropped him with a fusillade of forty-one shots. Sharpton and his crowd branded the foursome as cold-blooded murderers, which was silly—they obviously did not want to kill an unarmed man; but Giuliani refused to admit that the foursome had made a miserable mistake, which was equally silly. Soon Sharpton was holding huge civil disobedience rallies at police headquarters, and even mainstream pols were lining up to get arrested with the Tawana Brawley liar.

This was probably the worst thing Giuliani did in office: he rebuilt Sharpton's platform. This really was a time when Rudy the Bad Man became Rudy the Bad

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Mayor. He was within his rights to defend the hyperaggressive SCU—it is nice that gangs don't own the night anymore—but he could have shown a bit of concern that so many people of color feel besieged by his 40,000-cop army. Giuliani finally agreed to meet with his black critics after his one black deputy confided that even he had been pulled over by cops for no reason. But a year later, when Dorismond was killed by a cop, Giuliani instinctively slimed the dead man's reputation, and the cycle of fury began again.

All this is the ugly side of Giuliani's New York. But Kirtzman also unearths a beautiful tale from the depths of the Diallo nightmare, when Giuliani's approval ratings had dropped thirty points and the pollster Frank Luntz was brought in to run a focus group of white city residents. They all loved what Giuliani had done to the streets, but they all agreed that he should not be defending his police in this case. Giuliani promptly exploded at Luntz: "This was a waste of time! I've learned nothing from this! I am not going to turn against the police. I am not going to give in to the mob mentality! I'd rather not be mayor than do something unprincipled!"

The principle may have been entirely wrong, and Giuliani's principles do evolve according to circumstances, and the entire story does sound a bit exaggerated in the retelling, but it is kind of refreshing, isn't it? The latest New York buzz is pushing President Clinton as his successor, which makes Kirtzman's take on the Luntz episode particularly interesting: "In the age of Bill Clinton, who polled and focus-grouped every decision down to where to take his vacations, it was rare for a politician facing the abyss to reject the advice of his pollster. Giuliani was a remarkable man that way. In this case, though, the city could have used a little of Clinton's touch. It needed a leader with an ability to empathize, someone dexterous enough to tell every side a little of what it wanted to hear."

Maybe. But if we have learned anything from the age of Bill Clinton, it is that leaders who empathize and tell all sides a little of what they want to hear do not necessarily bring people together; and also that many Americans are sensible enough to separate their opinion of a man's character from their opinion of his performance. The truth is that the damn-the-torpedoes style that turned the Diallo problem into the Diallo crisis was the same damn-the-torpedoes style that turned a dysfunctional city into a dynamic city. Isn't that what matters? It is easy to see why the naysayers complain that Giuliani should have reached out to his critics and tempered his rhetoric and tried to unite New Yorkers, but they are essentially complaining that Giuliani should not have been Giuliani.

No, Mayor Giuliani did not bridge New York's racial divide. Neither did Mayor Dinkins or Mayor Koch. Neither, God help us all, would Mayor Clinton. That is not what mayors do. What Mayor Giuliani did was arrest the terrifying decline of an amazing city. In the final analysis, everything else is little weasels. ■

Local Hero

By PETER PHILLIPS

Gerald Finzi: An English Composer by Stephen Banfield

(Faber and Faber, 576 pp., $25)

I HAVE A hunch that music-lovers all over the world, who consider themselves well-versed in the kind of twentieth-century music that does not offend them, have not heard of the English composer Gerald Finzi. Who is this biography of Finzi for, in the United States? Stephen Banfield believes that it is for the American church musicians who know Finzi's anthem *God is gone up*, and the clarinetists who have played his bagatelles, and all those who saw the film *Hilary and Jackie* and are passingly interested in the identity of Kiffer, Finzi's son. Perhaps this is too pessimistic. Banfield himself notes that Michael Dukakis proclaimed January 31, 1988, to be "Gerald Finzi Day" in Massachusetts and urged its citizens to "take cognizance of this event and to participate fittingly in its observance."

So is Finzi just a local English hero? His music is as English as anyone could define music to be; but Banfield shows that its Englishness was in some ways a careful, even a desperate, construct. For Finzi, who was born in London in 1901, was the child of a distinguished and many-branched Jewish family, originally from Italy. Against the wishes of Gerald's descendants but with the same eye for detail that characterizes every aspect of this book, Banfield traces the Finzis to 1369, when Musetino del fu Museto de Finzi di Ancona set up the first Jewish money-lending office in Padua. From these beginnings there came noted scholars, jurists, and preachers, and—in the nineteenth century—poets, lawyers, an Assyriologist, and two patriots: Ciro, who died in 1849 at the age of sixteen defending the Roman Republic, and Giuseppe, who became the confidant of Mazzini and Garibaldi and a long-standing member of parliament.

The English Finzis resided in London from the eighteenth century onwards, where the clan eventually led to Jack Finzi, the composer's father, who "was not a practicing Jew but whose cultural background was nonetheless firmly defined." In 1887, under the auspices of the Bevis Marks synagogue, Jack Finzi married Lizzie Leverson, whose family came from Germany. This was the background against which Gerald Finzi, born in 1901, the youngest of five children, so strongly rebelled, for reasons that Banfield does his best to guess. He supposes that it had something to do with an unmarried uncle William, a German tobacco merchant, "against whose patronizing attitude Gerald later railed when his music began to make its mark in the 1920s." In 1952, in any event, Finzi set this exam question for music students at the University of St Andrews: "An imaginary Uncle, who strongly disapproves of the idea that you should take up music as a profession, writes you his reasons. Give his letter in not more than 250 words."

It will not surprise the modern reader to find that rejecting so much led to a confused personality. There is much to explain. Why did Finzi think it such a sign of radical independence to become a composer, when his mother was a composer, too? Why did he emphasize environment above all things—he became a noted cultivator of fruit trees—when he so completely failed to acknowledge his own early environment, to the extent of drawing no nourishment at all from his magnificent pedigree? Banfield finds no final answers. He refers instead to Finzi's favorite poet, Thomas Hardy, whose verse he set more than any other composer has ever done, and with whom he obviously identified: "What Hardy celebrated in the structure of both his life and his poetry was not just the gradual changes that time wreaks but

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the brutal, often sadistic suddenness of acknowledgment that is humankind's way of perceiving them and to which a desperate defiance to have nothing more to do with the old or the first cause is anger's reaction." And Banfield sums up: "One thing is certain: his identity, if it ever did get anywhere near greatness, was not the watertight unitary one he would have himself and us believe."

What Finzi would have us believe, as his music gives it, Banfield defines as "charm and attraction and containedness and elegiac sweetness and reassuring 'Englishness.'" Such a sentence, I fear, will do Finzi few favors in the world at large, because herein lies the problem for anyone listening to Finzi who is not besotted with Englishness. A parochial Englishness in twentieth-century composers has a stigma to it. This is as true of Elgar's reputation as it is of Finzi's reputation. To be sure, there has to be more to a writer or a composer than local circumstance, if he wants an international audience—even, or especially, when that circumstance is self-willed. Still, the corollary need not necessarily be true: that an evidently local method of expression must fail to convey anything to people outside that particular tradition. If this were true the whole Germanic symphonic tradition would go up in smoke, since it never did establish itself as a properly international style, as Renaissance polyphonic writing once had done: its Germanness always sounded German.

There are traces of the universal in the most resolutely particular. And yet modern English music is not given much space. We are trained not to take seriously what so often in English culture seems to be a mildness out of step with the times, as if it is an insult to our obvious sufferings to dwell on such ordinariness. Anthony Burgess defined this when writing about the Church of England: "It's tepid, because it knows that fire burns. It thinks fire should be imprisoned in an Adam fireplace, not held in the hand. Never despise 'tepidity.'"

Nor do we like the idea of rich children, especially the children of English gentlemen, turning to creative work and not starving when nobody comes to hear the results: it offends some romantic notion of what a real artist must be. Finzi was not only comfortably off, he was also genuinely successful, especially among the cultivated elite—and that, as Julian Bell recently wrote about his upbringing in the Bloomsbury circle, puts the modern advocate of English culture on the defensive. For Bell, the name Bloomsbury "is a memory, or commodity, on which I mostly turn my back." A description of Virginia Woolf having the most delicious luncheon of her life with Vita Sackville-West in Saulieu causes Bell to ask: "Is it a matter of wishing they *hadn't* had such a good time? That seems like mean-heartedness for the sake of it."

Perhaps Banfield feels some of this pressure. In treading the difficult road between advocacy and analysis, and in being an Englishman with a strong affinity for his subject, he uses words carefully. Yet at the end of it all I am not sure where he thinks Finzi stands. Was he better than that depressed, privileged, charming Englishness, or not? Banfield regularly squares up to this issue and yet never quite reaches a conclusion. How should one read, for example, his ardent description of Finzi's *In terra pax*, a choral piece that was composed in 1954 and arranged with a full orchestra two years later—it "contains the best and the most of him, for it delves right to the heart of our shared cultural myths ... speaking words of sorrowful comfort but facing an empty universe"—when elsewhere he has written that "if ever a musical work justified the celebration of the minor masterpiece from the limited pen, that work is *In terra pax*"? If the piece is really both the best of Finzi and irretrievably minor, we may think we know what Banfield's verdict is.

YET BANFIELD'S REMARKS on Finzi's setting of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," a piece for tenor, chorus, and orchestra, suggest something greater. Finzi, he observes, "succeeded in making his Immortality Ode *the* setting of Wordsworth, not to be superseded in the foreseeable future and an achievement that, however incrementally, adjusts and enhances our view of the poem and poet forever, just as every atom of scholarly and critical accretion does. It was a curious way for a minor composer to court greatness, and like everything else Finzi did it meant sidestepping the usual imperatives, if he could bring his courage, or arrogance, to bear on the determination to prove equal to Wordsworth. For this he did..." If all this is correct, then there is a fumble at the heart of Banfield's book, a crippling ambiguity or a timidity of judgment. Some comparisons with the work of composers in the same milieu as Finzi would certainly have helped.

For my colleagues who like to sing it, *Dies Natalis*, which was written for tenor and string orchestra and first performed in London in 1940, is the most admired of Finzi's works. It has some things in common with *Intimations of Immortality*, not least a poem that explores the perspectives of childhood, and the use of a tenor soloist; but *Intimations of Immortality* is far in advance of *Dies Natalis* in expressive power. I have always thought it a supreme example of the pastoral, melodic style in English writing, the style so often associated with Vaughan Williams.

Vaughan Williams's music is generally better constructed than Finzi's, better balanced in the sense that he could write fast movements with the same facility as slow movements and not lose his individual voice; but Finzi's *Intimations of Immortality* has to my ear some of the finest pure invention to come from anyone in the post-Elgar generation of composers. The work is not particularly well constructed, as everyone (including Banfield) is quick to say, but then the poem poses problems that no musician could tidy up. It is a long work, lasting some three-quarters of an hour, and requiring symphonic argument—not the most promising canvas for a man who habitually wrote miniatures. Yet Finzi could not resist the subject matter, which tapped into his deepest feelings and, exhaustingly for him, drew out a masterpiece. His upbringing, as we now understand, informed his every reaction to Wordsworth's words: "But for those first affections, / Those shadowy recollections, / Which, be they what they may, / Are yet the fountain light of all our day, / Are yet a master light of all our seeing: / Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make / Our noisy years seem moments in the being / Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake, / To perish never."

Intimations of Immortality was completed in 1950, a few months before Finzi first detected the signs of Hodgkin's Disease which would kill him six years later, at the age of 55. But it was not Finzi's swansong. That melancholy distinction belongs to his *Cello Concerto*. The composition of this substantial work dominated Finzi's final year: its first broadcast was given on the night before the composer died, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli. Its reception by the critics of the day perfectly underlines the difficulties that are always posed by an idiom that is not fully up-to-date, not cutting-edge, and therefore to some degree "tepid." *The Daily Telegraph* asked: "Is it possible to call 'contemporary' a work so dominated by the figure of Elgar and one whose harmonic language and thematic character give no hint of what has been happening in music during the last 40 years?" *The New Statesman* went further: "His Cello Concerto is conceived and executed so much under the shadow of Elgar that only by courtesy can it be called a new work at all." And *The Times* put forward the stock rejoinder: "It is one of our besetting temptations to overpraise the new because it is new, and another is to underestimate what is traditionally expressed merely because its language is not new." In fact, it was Finzi who had the last word, at least among the English, in having written a genuinely beautiful and increasingly

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admired piece of music.

BEHIND THE INEVITABLE hesitations occasioned by Finzi's style and privileged background, Banfield writes a wonderfully engaging account of Finzi's milieu, with a novelist's interest in detail and character. There are many characters playing alongside the Finzis themselves—the most famous are Vaughan Williams, Howard Ferguson, R.O. Morris, Edward Bairstow, Holst, and Howells; yet one doesn't have to have heard of all these participants to become interested in what part they played in musical life in London in the early 1950s. Consider Iva Dee Hiatt, Director of Music at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, who had brought a choir to Europe in 1951, returning in 1952, and who commissioned Finzi's *Magnificat*. "Hiatt seemed satisfied with the piece," Banfield writes, "and duly gave it an idiosyncratic first performance (which survives on tape) with the All Smith Choir and her colleague Robert Beckwith's Amherst Glee Club on 12 December 1952. The British premiere followed at the Wigmore Hall on 29 May 1953, given by Audrey Langford (who had been married to the viola player Frederick Riddle) and the Orpington and Bromley Choir with Hammond organ." Eventually Finzi had time to orchestrate the piece, and Banfield notes that the choir in the first professional performance "of about 130 (in number, not age) sounded good."

There is an almost Anthony Powell-esque quality to all this (the music of time, indeed): an entire society—including Constant Lambert, one of Powell's supposed models—is described by Banfield with wit and understanding. He is an exhaustive chronicler who includes the smallest tidbits of circumstance and the smallest musical ideas that may help to explain how a piece came to sound as it does. Perhaps half his fine book is taken up with the description and the analysis of just about everything Finzi wrote, which is dauntingly thorough even for those who know the music and can hear the musical examples.

It is not easy, for Banfield as for all other serious writers on music, to make the way in which one motif relates to another motif in a piece—and the implications of this relationship for the overall structure of the piece—interesting to the average, non-specialist reader; and most specialist musicians make very average writers. But Banfield is a very good writer. Here is a passage from his description of *God is gone up*, from 1951, one of Finzi's best pieces of church music: "it also demonstrates how even the Deity—at least as conceived by the Church of England—has been permitted to partake of the British Empire's blithe swansong of ceremonial metropolitan marches, for the A section, even when in 3/4, has the trappings of Waltonian or Coates-like pageantry in its organ triplets, jaunty staccato quavers and semiquaver flourish." (It is the invocation of the music of Eric Coates in this passage that denotes the real expert.)

Banfield's method with the sections of musical analysis is to run straight into them, often sandwiched between passages of biography. This juxtaposition has the effect of making it seem natural that the music and the circumstances in which it was produced should go together; and in some deep way this is obviously right. Still, there is nothing very revealing about his predicament in the music that Finzi wrote while he was undergoing treatment for his fatal illness, and so I would rather have had the story of his last days and his death uninterrupted by fifty pages of Banfield's characteristically brisk and efficient musical analysis. It seems, well, clinical to proceed within a single page from a description of the removal of a four-and-a-half-pound spleen to a dissection of the anthem *Let us now praise famous men*.

Perhaps it is still too soon to give Finzi's achievement a proper historical and aesthetic evaluation. His contemporaries, who cannot be blamed for seeing only the trees, took sides passionately for and against what he stood for, loving him and hating him. At least we have no interest in writing negatively about his idiom any more. We can simply ignore it. And the same can be said about Finzi's most talented contemporaries who also wrote in a style that seems to some to be offensively behind the times: Ivor Gurney, Arnold Bax, Constant Lambert, E. J. Moeran, Edmund Rubbra, and a host more—there is a whole school here.

The best way to approach these composers and their works may be to recall the circumstances of another great school of English composers, the one led by Thomas Tallis and William Byrd at the end of the sixteenth century. When Byrd died in 1623, his polyphonic style had been completely upstaged by the work of Monteverdi. By the time Thomas Tomkins wrote his Pavan "for these distracted times" in 1649 (lamenting the collapse of order at the outbreak of the Civil War), the idiom in which he expressed himself had been ignored by progressive composers all over Europe for fifty years. Anyone writing for a *New Statesman* of those days (as if things in those days were not bad enough!) would have poured scorn on such *retardataire* works. And anyone listening to that music now would conclude that such criticism is completely beside the point. ■

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Personal Best

MY INTRODUCTION TO the media's view of the academy came as something of a shock. Almost five years ago, James Wood, reporting for THE NEW REPUBLIC on a Harvard graduate student conference I participated in, cited a particularly unfortunate remark of mine, regarding "the iconography of the Tampax," as evidence of all that had gone wrong with literary studies. His article, of course, was but one of many attacks on the academy as it struggled through the final twitches of postmodernism. Professors of literature were mocked as out of touch and inaccessible, in love with abstruse neologisms ("differance"), artfully placed parentheses ("(en)gendering"), and indecipherable formulations ("Derrida's ~~trace~~ is the mark of the absence of a presence, an always already absent present"). *The New York Times* made a parlor game of picking the most ridiculous titles of papers given at the yearly convention of the Modern Language Association. A cartoon in the current issue of the MLA's journal envisions the reporters in full froth: "This is IT!" one declares. "'Di-jesting the Borgesture: An Anatomy of Funes'!" "I can top that," another replies. "'The Dubious Memberships of Dis-membering: *Mansfield Park* and *Mall Rats*'!!!"

BUT THE *TIMES* HAS MOVED ON. Opening the paper one morning during this year's MLA convention (held last week in Washington), I was surprised to discover a puff piece on Harvard Professor Marjorie Garber, once regarded as the epitome of academic transgression. Garber, who started out as a scholar of Shakespeare but branched out with books about bisexuality and cross-dressing, was labeled "one of the most powerful women in the academic world" and praised for her ability to break down the traditional separation between popular culture and the academy. "[Garber's] new book will have essays on the footnote, on quotation marks and on Monica Lewinsky," the *Times* wrote, completely deadpan, describing the volume as "a book that knows no boundaries."

GARBER'S POPULIST SPIRIT FILLED last week's convention. At the panels I attended, professors eschewed the willfully obscure postmodernist jargon that used to so amuse journalists in favor of that most accessible of topics: themselves. During a session on Holocaust studies, one Harvard professor argued for the importance of delineating a distinct category for Holocaust survivors who were children during the war years—a group to which she happens to belong. Another, examining "phantom Jewishness" in contemporary Polish novels with Jews as subjects, sprinkled her textual analysis with personal anecdotes about growing up as a Jew in pre-Solidarity Poland. This trend found its natural culmination at another panel, where a professor from the University of Virginia presented a defense of "masturbatory criticism," seeking to reclaim the hitherto derided concept of intellectual masturbation. "It is clear," she noted, "that masturbation and scholarship have much in common: solitary practices, they lead to, or stem from, an unhealthy absorption with the self, and they both often involve reading." In fact, she argued, masturbatory criticism "has attracted opprobrium for much the same reasons as masturbation itself: instead of engaging in healthy (disinterested, procreative) congress with books, the critic's central object is herself."

BUT ISN'T "CONGRESS WITH BOOKS" precisely what we expect of English professors? Whatever their excesses in the 1970s and '80s, at least deconstructionists engaged with actual texts. The movement's detractors seized upon deconstruction's zeal for interrogating (as they would put it) preconceived categories—high and low culture, for example, or reality and fantasy—arguing that an interpretation in which everything is relative undermines the very texts under investigation. And it's true that undergraduates in departments where literary theory was especially fashionable could garner a degree by reading Paul de Man and Luce Irigaray rather than Milton or Shakespeare. But, no matter what one may think of Derrida's conclusions, it's undeniable that his work involves serious philosophy. Moreover, I find it hard to understand how any methods of interpreting a work of literature, even those as controversial as deconstruction and its postmodernist bedfellows, could in the end have any detrimental effect on the text itself. If the canon is as great as everyone says it is, surely it can take a little roughing up.

ENCOURAGED BY THE NIBBLES AND yaps of television producers, however, today's academics are leaving such inaccessible topics as literature behind altogether. It is presumably no coincidence that Garber's best-selling book, according to barnesandnoble.com, is *Sex and Real Estate*, an examination of the erotic discourse implicit in real estate ads. Nor is it a coincidence that Garber herself recently bought a new house. And it's not just navels that are being gazed at: In an article last year in *The New York Review of Books* titled "The Decline and Fall of Literature," Andrew Delbanco describes a professor's analysis of a performance artist who invites members of the audience to shine flashlights into her vagina. This allows her, she says, to view her own cervix reflected in the eye of the beholder. And they say the public intellectual is dead!

EVEN THOSE PROFESSORS WHO FOCUS on topics further removed than their own houses (or bodies) are at pains to make their work relevant to a public that—let's be honest—is not overly involved with literature. At an MLA session called "What's Happening to the Humanities?," Gerald Graff, currently at work on a book to be titled *Clueless in Academe*, lamented the "gap between the discourse of academics and that of students and other citizens." But, rather than suggest ways to bring students and others into academic discourse, he lauded professors' efforts to insert themselves into existing public discourse. Graff, a professor of English at the University of Illinois at Chicago, mentioned as one example of such work a conference on children, violence, and families—a topic he praised for its relevance to "the world of Oprah Winfrey and the other TV shows on which academics often appear." Similarly, when the *Times* asked Garber about her appearance on a "Geraldo" show to discuss cross-dressing, she explained, "It seemed like a way to find a wider audience for . . . a thoughtful analysis of a subject that has been sensationalized." Is "Geraldo" really the venue for such an analysis?

THIS BRAND OF ACADEMIC INQUIRY may be more superficially "relevant" than analyses of medieval texts—there are certainly more cross-dressers in the viewing public than there are Green Knights. And the desire to understand oneself and one's neighbors is, of course, at the root of the humanist impulse. But this desire is not best served by airing personal histories, secrets, and fantasies. In this Too-Much-Information Age, we don't need literature professors sharing their own stories any more than we need genetics researchers analyzing their own DNA. It's enough to make one yearn for the comeback of the always already absent present.

RUTH FRANKLIN

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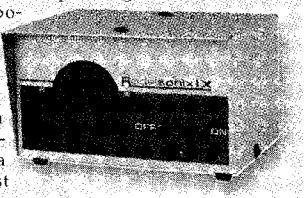

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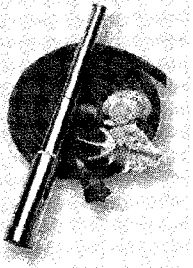

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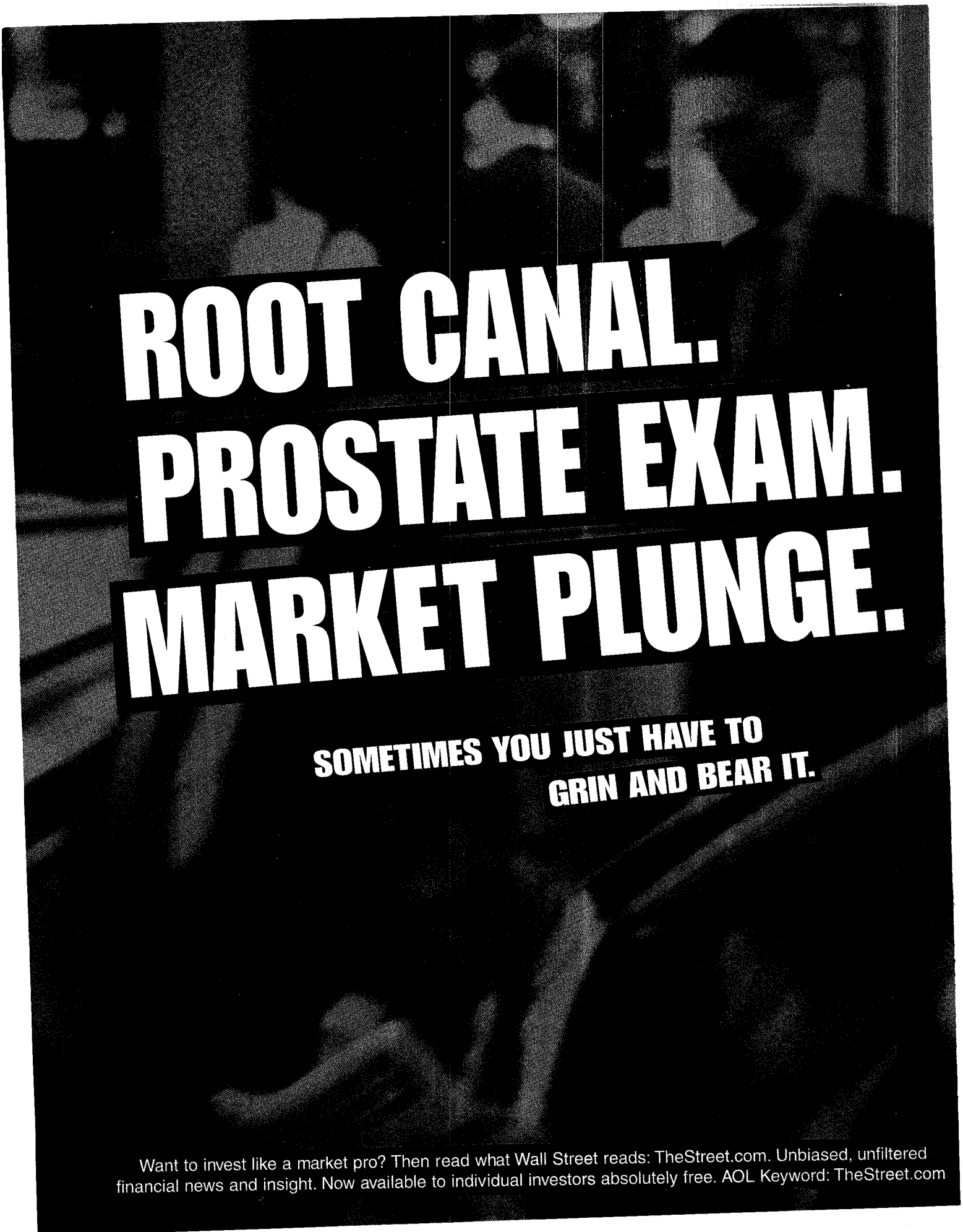
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